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THE GUIDE POST

ERNEST O. HAUSER has been a Far Eastern correspondent for many years. One product of those years was *Shanghai: City for Sale,* recently published, which reviewers considered one of the most important of many new books on China. Another is *Japan's Industry Challenges West* (p. 207).

A. P. HERBERT is a best-selling English novelist, first generally known in America as author of *The Water Gipsies.* His latest book, *General Cargo,* has just been published in this country. In his alter ego as independent M. P. representing Oxford University, he led a campaign for liberalization of the English divorce laws to success (the revisions have just gone into effect) by applying to the subject the particularly British humor at which, as a staff member of *Punch,* he is an adept. *Bad Language* (p. 217).

HENRY MISSELWITZ has been a United Press correspondent in Japan and China, covered the White House beat in Washington and edited foreign news in New York. At present he is working for the movies in Hollywood. *Baseball Conquers Japan* (p. 222) is his solution of one problem of our foreign relations.

BARBARA WERTHEIM, author of *Fable, Modern Mode* (p. 226), spent a year in Tokyo on the staff of the Institute of Pacific Relations and some time in Spain during the Civil War. She has published a book, *The Lost British Policy,* on British policy with regard to Spain since the beginning of the eighteenth century. For a year and a half she was on the staff of the New York *Nation* and has contributed to various other liberal periodicals. Recently she has written on American politics for the *New Statesman and Nation* (London).

(Continued on next page)

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(Continued)

GAULEITER HEINRICH LOHSE — *The Nazis View Tomorrow's World* (p. 233) —is Governor of Schleswig-Holstein Province and also chairman of the Nordic Society of the University of Kiel. The *Völkischer Beobachter* is, so far as such fine distinctions can be drawn among totalitarian papers, the organ through which Hitler's own opinions reach Germany.

CAPTAIN CYRIL BENTHAM FALLS — *Britain Assays the American Stand* (p. 238)—was first a hero and later a historian of the first World War. In the latter capacity he wrote the official histories of the British campaigns in Egypt and Palestine and in Macedonia. He is at present military correspondent of the London *Times*.

KIMPEI SHEBA — *Japan's Headline Maker* (p. 241)—is a Hawaiian-born and educated Japanese-American who is Tokyo correspondent for the Chicago Tribune.

WILLIAM F. SWINDLER, who writes how *Canada's Press Comes of Age* (p. 248), is on the faculty of the University of Missouri School of Journalism.

FRANK PHILLIPS, author of *Wang Ching-wei, Puppet or Patriot?* (p. 260), has served with *Reuters* (British news agency) in Shanghai and Peking.

MATHEW WALKER has himself enjoyed the travels in the *West Indies, Mexico, Alaska and Hawaii* (p. 271) which he describes.

HELEN BURNS has travelled in many parts of the world outside America. For THE LIVING AGE she describes *Colonial Williamsburg* (p. 279) close at home.

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THE LIVING AGE

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

May 1940 *Volume 358, Number 4484*

The World Over

A MONTH ago, writing of isolationist sentiment, we referred to the dangerously mercurial temperament of the American people. American reaction to the German seizure of Denmark and the attempted occupation of Norway is an apt illustration, and one that thinking isolationists might study with profit. On the night of April 8-9, Germany moved with stunning force to end the "war of nerves." Aside from any considerations of international law, the effect upon opinion in this country was electric. Editorial comment here was unanimously condemnatory and contemptuous of Germany, and for forty-eight hours the radio gave forth floods of moral denunciation and bitter antagonism.

This is a perfectly normal reaction, but it is not the way for us to stay out of war. If this much emotional censure can be provoked by blows dealt Denmark and Norway, how will we recoil from attacks on London and Paris in which tens of thousands of civilians of all ages may be killed or maimed? If Americans, under the spell of camp-meeting "commentators," in type and on the air, are to overflow every time Germany violates another frontier, we had better get into the war now, when we can be most effective. Nazi Germany is literally fighting for her life, and so are the Allies. This is "total war," and it would be healthy practice for all of us to keep that simple, deadly fact in mind, whatever takes place in Europe.

Of course, everyone has his right to his opinion and to his sympathies. The danger is in advancing these opinions and sympathies as scriptural fact. Some eminent interventionists in this country complain that they "wish Americans would think more about

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the war." With more intelligence and better conscience, they might say they wish Americans would think more about the manner by which we got into the last one. If we genuinely don't want war, as Dr. Gallup repeatedly attests, our thinking as to Europe must be—"What is the fact?" and not, "What are the moral overtones of the fact?"

Income in Russia

THE strictures of Soviet leaders and their press against "imperialistic capitalists," "capitalist war incendiaries," "sinister Wall Street" and variations of these tags suggest that the primary concern of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics is a more equitable distribution of the wealth of the land. This is in accordance, incidentally, with majority opinion today even in the least enlightened "plutocracies." But the recent publication of details of the Soviets' new income-tax measures should prove an embarrassment to the millions that continue to believe in the ethical infallibility of Josef Stalin. According to G. E. R. Gedye, cabling from Moscow to the New York *Times,* these new rates disclose schedules for incomes ranging from 600 rubles a year to incomes in excess of 300,000 rubles, a range of income scarcely exceeded even in the "capitalist" United States.

It requires more intellectual legerdemain than the average citizen possesses to regard as "socialist" a state where yearly incomes have a swing (to use dollars as a gauge) of from $600 to $300,000, or where Red Army members are privileged to buy at prices forbidden to priests and to citizens working in the professions. Indeed, any such economic disparity has, in most nostrils, a distinctly capitalist odor. Certainly a state where incomes may exist in the proportion of 500 to 1 has strayed more than a little distance from the fundamental Marxist conception of socialism as a society which (by the action of a central democratic authority) obtains a fairer distribution of wealth.

The Higher Socialism

IN the socialism they avow today, the Nazis are far more doctrinaire than their comrades to the east—who, by the way, will soon be reading a discreetly edited version of *Mein Kampf* (in return for which courtesy the Nazis will permit publication of a discreetly edited version of the writings of Lenin). Incomes in Germany have been levelled, due to the cost of war preparations and eight months of hostilities to a degree that should make Lenin arise from his mausoleum and go a-dancing in Red Square with envious rage. For in the Reich there is no income swing of such incongruity as 500 to 1. A fair estimate today—and even before Germany rescued the Poles from "plutocracy"—the Nazi income range would lie around 100 to 1, not much more, except in the case of the Nazi high command.

The entire German press these days is becoming extremely self-conscious. Hitler, for years, had nothing but contempt for workers. He was astute enough to recognize, in the early 'twenties, that the label "National Socialist" had a placating ring to discontented labor, though to the politically mature it was a manifest contradiction. But he upheld its use, mean-

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while fawning on German capitalists, the officer caste and monarchists. By the time he seized power the party name had ceased to mean anything, so far as socialism was concerned.

Not so today. Of a sudden German newspapers are acutely sensitive about the implication of the word "socialist" in the party name. After some seven years, Nazi editors have excavated it from desuetude. The only genuine socialism, they argue, is German National Socialism. Dr. Fritz Nonnebruch in the Führer's *Völkischer Beobachter* writes that *Unser Sozialismus* has "already made the standards of living of the German people the highest in the entire world." To which he adds:

"The Poles had the misfortune to regard our Socialist armor as thin plate and cardboard. . . . If today somebody still asks what is German socialism, we reply: 'The British and the French will receive a definition, and will learn to know our socialism, when the co-ordinated energies of the German soldiers, workers and inventors burst upon them.' "

At last we get it. This is not a war, in the official German view, to acquire more elbow-room (in Scandinavia, say) but a selfless struggle by the Reich to put the "standards of living of the German people" into effect everywhere in Europe. *Das Schwarze Korps,* the organ of the Elite Guards, also develops the theme of German socialism *über alles,* and wants something it describes as "the German gaze" enforced throughout the Continent. This "gaze," we are informed, "sees into blue expanses full of romance and adventure" as contrasted to the Englishman's "gaze" which "is directed toward distances full of tea-plantations in India or cotton-fields in Egypt or gold mines in Africa or wheat farms in Canada or sheep ranches in Australia."

Not only are German socialist standards of living, then, to be given the benighted British, French, Poles, Czechs, Austrians and, conceivably, all the Scandinavian peoples, but they are also to be taught the German "gaze," which includes the trick of not seeing mass-scale murder, torture and pillage. And stark want in the Reich is to be regarded as just another foreign mirage, we suppose.

Let 'Em Eat—

FROM the newspaper *Proia* of Athens comes the ironic disclosure that wartime Germany has become a nation of cake-eaters. This is not to be diagnosed, however, as a sign that the Nazis are growing effete; they are merely growing unhealthily fat. It appears that the story is a modern-day repetition of that course of behavior querulously suggested by Marie Antoinette before keeping an engagement in the Place de la Concorde. So many articles of food are rationed in Germany (as in other belligerent nations) that everyone spends an inordinate amount of time thinking of food and where to get it, thus creating a false appetite. One of the few items not yet rationed is cake (what kind, *Proia* does not say). Vast quantities of it are being stowed away, and Germans, particularly German women, are billowing beyond the limits of even the Aryan conception of a fashionable silhouette. This will not be cheering news to Paris and London whose newspaper editors make a patriotic ritual of portraying the

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enemy population as wasting away with hunger, rather than as bogging down under anemic blubber.

Light on Liberia

BECAUSE Liberia, sole surviving independent native state in Africa since the disappearance of Abyssinia, boasts no Propaganda Ministry and has no foreign correspondents inside its frontiers, the tiny West Coast republic is seldom heard from. Now steps forward George A. Blowers, vice-president and general manager of the Bank of Monrovia, who landed in New York recently to report progress in "the land of the pepper bird."

Liberia, he said, has paid its war debt in full to the United States, without ever getting credit for it—it amounted to $38,000 including interest. And the republic has balanced its budget, all the while taking in stride a drop of 40 per cent in revenue because of the war. This was accomplished by slashing all official salaries 15 per cent, with President Edwin Barclay, of the True Whig Party, promoting the economy campaign by taking over the portfolios of War and Interior. But, Banker Blowers hastens to explain, this is by no means to be interpreted as a totalitarian move, adding that Liberia has neither trade unions, Socialists nor Communists to offer a strong front that might support a dictator.

Most interesting news from inside Liberia is that the 12,000 Negroes—descendants of the eighty-eight, mostly from Connecticut, who went to Liberia in 1822 to establish a free and sovereign African state—are gradually succeeding in bringing some of the 2,000,000 illiterate, organized tribesmen out of the jungles, and introducing them to civilization. Among the blessings of civilization to which the aborigines are being subjected is an expanding radio system.

"Education" of the primitive tribesmen, however, recalls the League of Nations exposure some ten years ago of slavery in Liberia. The natives were driven out of the bush, lashed and sold in irons at $300 per head by Negro politicians descended from the very ex-slaves who founded the colony with the blessings of the United States, which has always taken a paternal interest in the welfare of Liberia. But revelations of the flourishing slave trade so revolted Washington that recognition was withdrawn and President C. D. B. King forced to resign. However, it required several forceful notes to President Barclay to remind him that a thorough clean-up was in order, and that the United States meant to see that it was carried out. Recognition was restored in 1935, and the United States is now building a new legation.

Liberia has announced itself neutral in the present war, although it did declare war on Germany before, in August 1917. Because the personal physician of the then president, Daniel E. Howard, was an Hungarian, Liberia did not include Austria-Hungary among her enemies—thus the anecdote.

There are 150 Americans throughout Liberia, most of them employed on the 70,000-acre Firestone rubber plantation, and there are fourteen Americans in the capital itself. Monrovian social life runs to tennis, bridge and billiard tournaments. And if you like those pastimes, Liberia seems like

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a good place to get away from it all.

The New Babel

CONTRIBUTING to the French war effort, but not at the front, is a growing army of volunteers in which are representatives of forty-seven nations. Probably nothing comparable, linguistically, has been heard or seen since a many-tongued mankind was reported to have attempted to build a tower. The majority of these volunteers, says *L'Epoque* of Paris, consists of long-time residents of France who wish to make some contribution to their adopted country, and of political refugees — Jews, Poles, Czechs, Austrians, Germans and Spaniards. Most are not qualified for military service (which is not compulsory among refugees nor, of course, among foreigners, even those whose passports have lapsed), but all are capable of joining in road-building, serving as amateur cooks, tailors, waiters, nurses, watchmen, etc. Included in this army of foreign-born thousands are such heterogeneous careerists as dancing instructors, jockeys, linguists (fortunately!), journalists, vaudeville artists, etc. They serve under the control of the military, once they have enlisted for this voluntary service. They live in special barracks but under no such discipline as does the French army, nor are they subject to its rigorous training. The example of representatives of forty-seven nations living together in peace, united voluntarily in one effort, seems an anachronism today, a picture out of focus with current venomousness. To charges that these volunteers have been herded into so many concentration camps, the French Government has replied by opening these barracks to foreign journalists, anytime.

Pan-Americanism

THE phrase Pan-Americanism rolls off the tongue sonorously, but it is not a principle that all our neighbors to the south have endorsed unreservedly. Yet to judge from certain newspaper editorials last month, provoked by the German attacks on Denmark and Norway, conceivably Pan-Americanism received a boost, something it has sorely needed since the Lima Conference of 1938 when the United States' proposals for some form of collective security for the Americas received very little support. The latest German attacks recall to some Latin American editors the Nazi attempts to assassinate President Getulio Vargas of Brazil in May 1938, the Nazi conspiracy last year to sieze Patagonia, and the short-lived pro-Nazi dictatorship in Bolivia.

The latest German violations of neutral rights have been roundly condemned in the Argentine, Chile, Brazil and even in Peru, the last most pro-fascist of the Latin American republics. Typical comment:

"As is his habit," states the *Correio da Manha* of Rio de Janeiro, "the Führer tried to mask his brutal aggression by alleging that he was proceeding in that manner to prevent England from doing likewise." And the *Nación* of Santiago cautions that "America also can be submitted to such slavery . . . by peoples whose arrogance is heightened by victory." The *Crónica* of Lima advises the American nations "not to await the eleventh hour to prepare themselves

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to defend their neutrality against the danger threatening them."

Death by Aspirin

THE propaganda front, which for the past several years has been charging that the Japanese were conquering China through the use of opium, has now shifted to Southern Europe, where a story has gained some credence in high quarters in Rumania that a well-known German firm has been adulterating its aspirin tablets with cocaine salts and selling them in the Balkans. This allegation followed the collapse in Bucharest of a respectable local merchant. An autopsy revealed that his death was from cocaine poisoning, and the police discovered the only medicine he had taken was German-made aspirin which, according to laboratory analysis, contained 30 per cent cocaine salts.

After this story was published in *News Review* of London, a correspondent wrote to that magazine that, as aspirin tablets usually contain five grains of aspirin, it appeared that the quantity of cocaine-salts was one and one-half grains per tablet, which is, in itself, a fatal dose of cocaine for anyone not accustomed to the drug.

Continuing, the correspondent chided: "Yet you state that the Germans are 'trying to spread the drug habit' among Balkan peoples. Surely the correct way to do this would be to issue tablets containing a small dose of cocaine-salts, say one-quarter grain, and not kill them off with the first dose!"

Put Up or Shut Up

Belligerents and neutrals alike must grow weary of Italian tactics these days and nights. Our own negative preference, in the field of fascist power-propaganda, is for the merchandise peddled by Dr. Goebbels; at least, he holds to one tack for a week. The Italian product, however, blows like the sirocco for a day, the next afternoon the propagandist atmosphere is a dead calm, and the third morning the air is full of thunder in another direction, unpredictable and meaningless. Count Ciano's organ warns of war in a matter of hours, Mussolini the same day reasserts Italian "undying determination" to remain at peace, and the next hour the irrepressible Virginio Gayda howls for seizure of Corsica and Tunisia from France. Perhaps this is good opera, in the preposterous Verdi manner, but it is feckless propaganda. Our correspondent, Betty Wason, wrote recently that the bulk of the Italian population, the peasants, long since rejected these vocal handsprings, even as comic entertainment. If this is the Italian equivalent of the Nazis' "war of nerves," it is valid in our mind only as a contribution to the therapy applicable to sleeplessness. It fills us with a craving to read something articulate, topical and tidy, like the Sears Roebuck catalogue.

THE LIVING AGE does not accept responsibility for the views expressed by writers of articles appearing in its pages. The aim of the Editors is to bring to readers, for their information, representative expressions of opinion throughout the world.

THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: "The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*"

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The Nipponese are at last inventors and their salesmanship is matchless

Japan's Industry Challenges West

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

ARE THE Japanese mere copycats of Western civilization or do they have ingenuity of their own? Is Japan a real threat to America in world trade?

These are questions my friends put to me most frequently when I returned recently from Japan. Such questions seemed to interest people more than the hapless war in China or the danger of Japanese military expansion. And the more I listened to these questions and the more I thought about them, the more vital they seemed to me. The invasion of China promises to be a large-scale failure. Japanese trade expansion throughout the world is not a failure in any sense. It is not likely that our dispute with Japan will be settled by soldiers and sailors. It is probable that it will take the form of clashes along the commercial front. It may be that it is not the bombing of cities but the selling of goods that counts in the end. If there is any real threat in Japan's expansion, it is probably the ability of the Japanese people to sell their goods.

I own a pair of bedroom slippers which I bought last year in a Japanese bazaar in the Philippines. They are Filipino style, and the leather used is odds and ends from the sweatbands of American hats, with the names of stores in Providence and New York still on them. Whenever I wear these slippers, it occurs to me that it must have been a peculiar, not to say admirable, spirit that moved this waste leather from the Atlantic Coast to a Japanese factory town, transformed it into Filipino sandals which sell in a Manila bazaar for 20 centavos—10 cents.

Probably the most remarkable thing about Japanese salesmanship is the fact that the customer is never asked to buy what the manufacturer or merchant thinks he should have. On the contrary, manufacturer and merchant try to offer just the kind of commodity the customer needs and likes. Seven years ago in Australia,

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one of the classic markets for British and American goods, Japanese agents did not leave the store when the buyer had rejected every sample they carried. Instead, they waited to find out just what it was the customer wanted; and, when the shopkeeper would produce a sample of the merchandise which he liked, the Japanese salesman would look at it, assure the merchant that his firm in Osaka could produce the same line (i.e. copy it). Usually the deal was closed—at a price far below the British or American price level.

CHEAPNESS, no doubt, has been the main weapon in Japan's commercial advance; Japanese articles, produced by cheap labor under a system different from the industrial set-up in Western countries, conquered foreign markets because they were less expensive than Western products. But this cheapness is not alone responsible. It is backed up by a shrewd and understanding sales policy. And in the years before the Chinese war, this policy brought remarkable results.

Once a new outlet had been decided upon, scouts were sent to the scene with no other instruction than to study the local mode of living. In the East Indies and Malaya, in the Philippines and in Panama, in Egypt, South Africa, and Cuba, Japanese agents made sketches of every tool, every ornament, every device that people used. They filmed their daily life. They took colored photographs in Arabian bazaars and in New York department stores. They learned what kind of toys were preferred by children in American kindergartens. The scouts reported to their factories.

It was for this reason as well as cheapness that Japanese goods made their appearance in odd and unexpected places. In a Texas store today you can buy a jar with the picture of a cowboy on it and the inscription, "Let 'er buck." It's made in Japan. The Japanese have gone into every market and met the customer on his own terms. By the time Japanese trade expansion reached its peak, the merchants were exporting watches by the kilo to Switzerland, gold fountain pens to Austria and spaghetti to Italy! At the same time (1935) Japan exported 62,808 bottles of perfume and 10,140 cakes of toilet soap to France.

Trade missions, consisting of prominent Japanese businessmen, visited undeveloped markets. A mission which visited Chile in 1933 carried seventeen *tons* of samples; it distributed advertising matter, quoted prices, and appointed local agents. In one of the largest hotels in Buenos Aires, and in hotels in other South American cities, Japanese commercial exhibitions were held. Japanese trade museums were established in the East Indies which offered sample rooms and information. There was, finally, the device of "sample ships"—Japanese freight or passenger boats which carried large exhibits arranged by Japanese manufacturers to find out the likes and dislikes of their prospective customers. All along the west coast of South America, as well as in Philippine and Australian ports, the shopkeepers would be invited to come aboard and look around. And all the keen-eyed Japanese had to do was to stand by and see which were the most popular displays.

After these preliminary scouting activities, Japan's commercial infantry

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swarmed in. The term infantry is particularly fit here: they do much foot work. British or American firms set up local agencies with swank offices and a highly paid staff and try to get big customers. Not so the Japanese. Japanese salesmen who were sent into the untapped markets of Asia, Africa, South America, with their teeming colonial population, worked from the bottom up. They canvassed native stores and bazaars, marched along country roads, hot sidewalks of the *avenidas*, with tireless feet. They sold everything from glassware to umbrellas, enamel to bicycles, toys, gramophones, sunglasses, dolls, silk goods and cotton cloth. They were the first to develop a sales technique designed for large colonial populations with many desires and little cash.

There was the bespectacled little man from Nagoya who had come to an African port city in 1934, with a cargo of Japanese umbrellas. They were made of oil paper, painted in gay colors—cheap, light and attractive. When he had sold all his umbrellas in the port he quietly ordered ten times as many from his firm. As soon as they arrived he hired a native river canoe for himself and some more canoes for the umbrellas and, to the amazement of the small white trading community in the port city, embarked for a selling expedition deep into the wild, hot and largely unexplored hinterland. A month later he came back—without umbrellas (he had sold even his personal one) and with two canoes filled with small coin and negotiable trinkets.

Wherever Japanese salesmen went, they went with a smile, and they were ready to talk terms. They were willing to comply with the customer's whims and idiosyncrasies, always ready to accept special orders, to send his samples home to Japan, have them copied there and to sell the product at a startlingly low price. They never insisted on selling what their firms already produced, but were willing to produce what the customer suggested. These methods helped the Japanese to force British merchants out of Empire-conscious Kenya. It helped them to make fez-covered Egyptians drink Asahi beer. They shipped their merchandise to the ports of South America in packages light enough to be carried by llamas across the Andes into the interior—and South America bought Japanese goods. At all times they kept their eye on the ultimate consumer.

IT IS this attempt at detailed adaptation that accounts for a good many of the ridiculous and shady aspects of Japan's export business. Japanese firms imitate foreign packing methods, labels and wrappings. During the early days of the New Deal 4,000 cases of tuna fish arrived in California, each bearing the NRA eagle, a particularly ironic example in view of the wage-and-hour standards in Japan. Japanese matches have been sold as "Made in Sweden," and recently Japanese firms have seen fit to ship their goods to Shanghai, re-label them there and export them as "Made in China." The attempt to imitate the lyric tone of Western advertising labels brings such travesties as the following inscription on a jar of Japanese pomade: "The Swan Pomade is made scientific compilation process for a progress customer to fit taste and keeps at a strong-point the

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effect to the hair and it also abounds a graceful scent."

There is dishonesty here, to be sure. Since feudal days the merchant in Japan has been without caste. Respectable families did not lower themselves to barter or trade, and those who went in for it were expected to pursue their gain by any means; there was no moral code for business. But chiefly these sales subterfuges of the Japanese result from the amazing ability of the people to observe and reproduce detail. It is tied up, I believe from my travels among the Japanese, with the quick reactions of their eyes.

Last spring I watched a hundred Japanese school children at an outdoor drawing class in a park at Kumamoto. The children seemed to give their full attention to their pads and color crayons; they hardly ever lifted their eyes for a rapid glance at the trees, the bridges, the lakes and flowers they were drawing. Yet their pictures were as accurate as Western grown-ups could accomplish only after long and careful observation. My impression was confirmed by an American art teacher who looked over some of the loose leaves that those boys and girls had let me have: his American pupils, he said, would rarely catch the details in the structure of a tree or the subtle reflexes on the water that all of these young Japanese had reproduced with ease.

The amazing swiftness of observation is an element inherent in the Japanese. Only their quick perception enabled Japanese artists to paint birds in flight so accurately that photographs made centuries later with supersensitive films revealed precisely the same position of wings, legs and body. Another favorite subject, mastered as skillfully, were fishes jumping out of the water. And the quick, choppy waves of the Japan Sea appear on old Japanese seascapes with swelling tops, ready to break—drawn with an understanding of that split second that only the camera could have conveyed to us.

Ask a Japanese shopkeeper or any passer-by for the right way to any place in town; he is likely to grab a piece of rice paper and to draw a map of your route which is as accurate as the printed map in the guide book that you left home. You can measure the distances between street crossings with your steps and you will find the drawing correct. Yet he did it swiftly, with a few strokes of his fountain pen.

And yet, for all their quick perception, Japanese often strike us as stupid and incompetent. When I inspected one of Japan's largest factories in Yokohama, where heavy army trucks as well as popular midget automobiles are produced, I noticed that the plant employed always two workers at a machine which would have been taken care of by a single man in Detroit. The young engineer taking me through explained that this policy made for greater efficiency.

Most Japanese dislike the idea of burdening one person with a large measure of responsibility. In factories, banks, and even in government offices, two or three people often work collectively on a single job. Foreigners who have to deal with Japanese authorities are constantly surprised to discover that their case was not, as they had reason to believe, awaiting a decision by Mr. Sato—but by Mr. Sato, Mr. Kato, Mr. Hayashi

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and Mr. Okamoto, collectively. Many of us who have traveled in Japan were deeply impressed with the astounding incompetence of one Japanese, and the equally astounding competence of two Japanese. This is the deeper reason for Japan's success as a nation, and for its amazing anonymity. It is, possibly, the reason why Japan has not produced a dictator—despite all trends toward a totalitarian state.

This group effort of the Japanese is one indication of their uncertainty and awkwardness upon being thrust suddenly into the modern world. Japan's westernization began only in the 1860's when Commodore Perry demonstrated the first miniature steam train before the bewildered subjects of the Mikado. The impact of a totally new and strange culture was violent and overwhelming. Japan is still in mid-passage, still fumbling and, of course, largely imitative.

There have been some great blunders. The Japanese navy once invited foreign firms to submit plans for a new warship. A British firm, smelling a rat, sent blueprints in which the center of gravity of the projected ship was deliberately misplaced. The Japanese returned the correspondence and started carrying out the plans their draftsmen had copied. Later one of the proudest ships of the Japanese fleet slid down the ways with majestic grandeur—and turned over and sank the moment it hit the water. The Japanese could not understand what had happened, as they had executed the British plans down to the minutest detail.

BUT in spite of blunders, the Japanese have done a remarkable job of adaptation when you consider that less than 80 years ago they emerged from virtual feudalism into a dumfounding world of steam and technics and electricity. One of the things that fascinate me most in Japan is the sight of secretaries and clerks handling a Japanese typewriter. A Japanese typewriter has 3000 letters. The carriage with the paper is shoved around on a large board which holds 3000 letter sticks in 3000 holes. A finger-like device on the carriage takes the letter stick out of its hole, wets it with printer's ink, presses it against the paper, and puts it carefully back into its hole. It is a formidable machine, the Japanese typewriter; but it turns out a neat job. Writing in longhand may be quicker, but you cannot produce carbon copies with brush and ink, and the 3000-character typewriter was a necessity. Compared to our standard office typewriter, it is an "improvement"—from the Japanese point of view.

Not all Japanese inventions and adaptations are far-fetched. There is, for example, the Toyoda Loom, an automatic weaving machine designed to save man-power in the cotton mills of Osaka. While the factories of Manchester were still using machines requiring one worker for every four or six units, Mr. Toyoda's device made it possible to have as many as 60 units of the machine taken care of by a single woman. His invention aroused considerable interest in Lancashire, and an English firm bought the license rights for a million yen.

There are other signs that the Japanese are beginning to show an inventiveness of their own. In the Imperial Patent Bureau at Tokyo, 800 highly specialized examiners face a mounting tide of inventions. Most of

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the 100,000 patent applications are either too smart or not smart enough to be taken seriously. But some 20,000 patents are granted every year, and many of the new inventions or processes are immediately taken up by the versatile industries of the country. That the ideas thus produced hold their own in the field of international competition can be seen from the fact that Japanese representatives abroad are bombarded with requests for translations of technical publications describing new methods and ideas.

Today, Japanese inventiveness has taken up the struggle for new substitutes to mitigate the hardships brought on by the painful kick-back of the war in China. The successes of Japanese scientists show again that they are keeping step with the progress made in other countries.

Somite, a waste fiber product acclaimed as a perfect substitute for metallic materials, is now used in the manufacture of tubes, hinges, door handles, and radio sets. Charcoal burning automobiles, with streamlined rear engines, have been a common sight in the streets of Japanese cities. A material made of peanut shells and seaweed is used as a substitute for felt. Leather is made of fish skins. Pulp for the manufacture of rayon is produced from beech trees; Silkool, meant to combine the qualities of silk and wool, from soya beans; and synthetic rubber from carbide. A new method of extracting motor fuel from coal, involving the removal of residue which otherwise would turn into ashes, was invented a few months ago.

A large Osaka department store recently arranged an exhibit of 1200 newly found substitutes, including bicycles made of fiber and stiff paper.

The prospect is that the Japanese will become less and less superficial in their imitation of Western modes of life and more seriously competitive. Once the present war in China is ended, they will return to world trade with a vengeance, and we may as well be prepared for better tricks than they have yet pulled out of their kimono sleeve.

SUICIDES

Buddhist Burmans, who don't believe in killing living creatures, have evolved an ingenious way to catch fish. One day a Burman prince explained it to me. Bending over the water, he said: "See that light at the bottom of the river? It's simply a slab of wood, painted white, and placed there by a native fisherman. It glows strangely in the light of the moon, and the fish, frightened, leap into the air—to fall back into the net. It is then possible for the fishermen to assuage their consciences by saying: 'We didn't kill these fish—we simply gathered in the suicides.' "

—Alfred Fabre Luce in *Revue de Paris*

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A spectator insists that Brown Shirts are worse than Tin Hats

The Nazi Army on Polish Soil

By EYE-WITNESS

From the *New Statesman and Nation,* London Independent Weekly

THE POLISH population of the territories now occupied by the Germans experienced a German military government during the last war. But the methods and the spirit of Hitler's troops are not those of the German Imperial Army.

The troops who first entered Warsaw in October showed few of the external symptoms of weariness which are expected after a military campaign. They were transported in motor trucks and even in passenger motor cars during the campaign, and even the artillery was almost entirely motorized. Later troops arrived who looked quite different—infantry exhausted by long marches, trains and artillery driven by horses. It was surprising that, despite every effort to maintain a regular food supply and in spite of the presence of a large number of field-kitchens, German soldiers rushed to the few Warsaw restaurants which still stood and which were at that time only distributing soups of doubtful quality, containing at best a bit of horse meat as an attraction. This German hunt for food in the half-destroyed and starving city took on such proportions that the military authorities had to forbid the sale of food stuffs to all German troops. Finally soldiers were forbidden, after many cases of Nazi looting, to enter food shops.

The old German army usually respected private property. The Nazi army seems to regard plunder as normal. During the first days of occupation robbery was conducted under the pretence of searching for arms. All sharp instruments, razors and even penknives, were seized. Watches, money and other valuables were taken at the same time. In Warsaw and other large cities whole blocks of houses were surrounded by troops while a general search was carried out under the direction of Gestapo officers. Searches in Jewish quarters usually resulted in the expropriation of every kind of portable property—food was often taken as well as money

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and jewelry. Receipts were seldom given to the owners. A Warsaw jeweler, Luxemburg, seventy years old, was shot for possessing arms. He possessed no arms. His crime was to argue with the soldiers who seized his stock of jewelry. One could often see a German soldier entering a Jewish shop with a woman (many German women have entered Poland), and leaving it with bunches of gowns on his arms. Sometimes you can hear the Jewish saleswoman shouting and arguing, only to be brought to her senses by the fists of the plunderer who puts his prize into a car and goes off with his companion. Sometimes, again, German soldiers enter a shop and choose goods worth many hundred marks, for which they pay by leaving two or three marks on the counter. Many merchants have closed their shops and passed their remaining goods over to street merchants who run smaller risks.

There have been cases where soldiers, frightened by threats of complaint to their officers, have returned stolen money. More often the German authorities have merely ill-

—*Everybody's*, England

treated the people who have complained. No doubt there is a difference here between the military authorities and the party organization. The military authorities have some consideration for military discipline, while the party tolerates and encourages loot for demagogic reasons.

This dualism between the Nazi party and the army is seen in the whole German administration in Poland. In view of the German tradition and systematic bureaucracy there is an astonishing impression of lack of system. Today there is much improvisation and a lack of co-ordination. A Jewish ghetto was set up by order in Warsaw between the fifth and eighth of November 1939. An armed detachment of the Gestapo police entered the offices of the Jewish community and arrested all the members of the Board, the staff and everyone who happened to be present. All these people were made personally responsible for carrying out the order to move all Jews into the district chosen. Sanitary considerations were given as the reason. It soon became known that this order was a total surprise to the majority of the German authorities. Neither the German Lord Mayor of the City nor the Chief of the Sanitary Military Services, Dr. Richter, knew anything about it. The latter especially was frightened of epidemics amongst the exhausted and ruined population. Cases of typhus and of dysentery had already occurred among the German soldiers in the early autumn. The Jewish district (always neglected in peacetime as far as sanitary conditions are concerned) became the source of epidemics in consequence of lack of water supply, the destruction of the drainage sys-

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tem and the physical weakness of the population. The creation of the ghetto involved not only moving the Jews to their new homes, but also the disposal of the "Aryans" who lived in these districts. About 300,000 people were to be displaced in a city in which one-third of the houses had been destroyed and one-half of the rest made unsuitable for habitation. For these reasons this project, invented by the Gestapo officers, had to be postponed; the only result was an occasion for further persecution of the Jewish population.

Another contrast with the old Imperial Army is that Hitler's army advances with propaganda. Even official announcements about such matters as foreign-exchange regulations are filled up with propaganda-formulae. So are the anti-Jewish proclamations published under the guise of anti-profiteering measures. Sometimes, especially during the first days after the occupation, propaganda took different forms. You could see a soldier tearing a fur coat down from a lady's shoulder and throwing it to a poor woman standing in a shop queue. A soldier would knock down a Jew selling onions in the street; he would take his place and sell them for a cheaper price. Of course he himself pocketed the money he got for the merchandise he sold. Such efforts to win the sympathy of the mob had no success and were not continued.

RESTRICTIONS imposed on the German soldiers in regard to their relations with the population are usually strictly observed. But there are many indications that the morale of the army is by no means conspicuously good. Some of the soldiers, completely convinced by propaganda, are fanatics who believe that Germany can defeat the whole world. On the other hand a German soldier quartered in a Polish flat expressed the following opinion: "We have surrounded you, that is true, but we ourselves are still much more surrounded, and ruin is what we expect, and all this because of the fault of one man." Another soldier, living at a farmer's house, looked at the portrait of a Polish leader and said: "Yes, there are the people that wanted war, neither you nor we wanted it." In the same way some elements in the army persecute the Jews with conviction and enthusiasm, throwing them out of trains, buses and queues. There are exceptions. A German stopped a passing Jew and asked him: "Are you a Jew?" This question is usually the prelude to persecution. In this case the soldier warned the Jew not to go farther as a general anti-Jew search was in progress in the neighborhood.

On another occasion German soldiers were searching the flat of a Mr. P., a Warsaw lawyer of Jewish origin and an officer of the reserve. It happened that he forgot, in handing over his revolver, to give up his cartridges which lay in his desk and were found in the search. The Germans filled up a statement and left the flat with threats. An hour later the German officer who conducted the search visited the frightened man and told him privately what to say in order to avoid difficulties. There have been many similar examples.

Occasionally the German minority in Poland has also been persecuted. In a village with a mixed German-Polish population soldiers were requisitioning timber from a German col-

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onist. The latter protested violently, arguing that being a *Volksdeutsche,* he was free from requisitions. He got as reply that being a German he ought to be only too glad to know that his timber would be burned by the German army. At a village in the neighborhood soldiers requisitioned pigs at a German farm in spite of violent protests from the farmer's wife. They gave her a receipt for the pigs, remarking that Mr. Chamberlain would pay for them! The woman, not an expert on foreign affairs, read the receipt, and then asked where the man Chamberlain could be found and and if he was in the nearest town. The soldiers told her that this was so and the woman duly appeared at the office asking for Mr. Chamberlain!

The Gestapo had also to deal with the difficult problem of Soviet-German relations in the new frontier districts. Violent propaganda and irregular brutalities were rare and the military showed a great reserve and even distrust in relation to their new neighbor. At a time when there was much bewilderment because part of Poland under German occupation was handed over to the U.S.S.R., the Nazis explained that the Soviets would repay their debt by helping Germany on the Western Front. This helped the Gestapo to deal with discontent amongst troops who were destined for the Western Front and who did not hide their respect for the French army. A German officer riding in a car to Biala Podlaska heard that the Soviet troops had occupied it; he ordered his chauffeur to return immediately, muttering: "To hell, I nearly fell into the hands of the Bolsheviks." But this term is now seldom used. A lady who had Germans billeted in her house reports that each time she employed the term "Bolshevik," the officers corrected her by saying "Russians." They feared contact between the German soldiers and the Red Army and began to dig trenches on the new frontier.

I WILL conclude this report by emphasizing the contrast between the behavior of the German army (which still has a tradition and an etiquette), and that of the Nazis. A German soldier to whom a woman complained about the ruthlessness of the army replied: "You complain about the army? See what will happen when 100,000 Brown Shirts arrive." The contrast was real. The brutality of the troops was incidental to an invasion and the population could regard it as almost a natural catastrophe, but the rule of the Gestapo is a system of organized cruelty far more intolerable than the strictly military régime of the old imperial army.

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England's humorist-M.P. pleads for simple, strong wartime words

Bad Language

By A. P. HERBERT

From the *Listener*, Weekly Organ of the British Broadcasting Corporation

NOW I WISH to have a battle with Whitehall. It's a battle about bad language—the bad language of Government departments and other lofty places. But I don't mean abuse or blasphemy. I say "bad language" as you would say "bad bowling" or "bad cooking," meaning rotten, inefficient, ineffective and even dangerous language.

Few of us nowadays, I think, would say that in wartime words—and men of words—don't matter. You remember Nelson's signal: "England expects that every man will do his duty." Good! But suppose that that signal had been drafted by one of our fat-word-breeders in Whitehall: "England anticipates" — nobody can say "expects" today—"that with regard to the current emergency, personnel will duly implement their obligations in accordance with the functions allocated to their respective age-groups."

Well, would anyone have said then that words didn't matter? No; it would have been said that the author of that verbose, vague and suety signal was not fit to lead his fellow-countrymen into battle. And in this war words matter more than ever.

Herr Hitler, I suppose, may fairly be described as a man of action. But he's far from despising the use of words. Here at home no one who was delighted in the power and precision of Mr. Winston Churchill's broadsides will say that words don't matter; and it's no accident that the same statesman who in speech has scored so many bull's-eyes is fixed as well in the public mind as a rock in purpose and a dynamo in action. He has shown you that it is not always necessary to speak of big things in long, woolly words. So when Mr. Churchill concludes an address with that simple but electric passage, "Man the ships, till the fields, sweep the mines, guard the streets, kiss the girls," and so on, you sit up and say, "My hat, all this means something after all; moreover, this man understands us."

The Prime Minister and Sir John

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Simon and others, in their different styles, are masters of concise and lucid statement, and never waste a word. All the King's ministers would agree with me at once that words do matter. They matter because they are the channels of thought, and should be clear; because they are spurs to action, and should be sharp; because they are the tools of every trade, and should be cared for; and because they are evidence of character, and give us away.

The woolly word may reveal the woolly mind; the obscure or cloudy word may conceal the tricky purpose or the absence of a plan. I am told that outside a famous barracks in London this notice was recently displayed: "Tenders are invited for the disposal of manure accumulated in respect of military animals." "Manure accumulated in respect of military animals": in other words, "manure"—and I could make it even shorter.

Now, to condemn this sort of thing is not merely to be a fussy grammarian or pedantic scholar, to prefer effective and fitting language, or to disapprove of wasting public ink and paper. That notice betrays the character of the man who composed it. I can see the fellow, and I had better not say what I see.

—*Oeuvre*, Paris

In this war, I think, the classic example is "evacuation," and all the nasty litter of mongrel expressions which have sprung up round it—"evacuee," the "self-evacuating" person, "re-evacuation," and so on. Nothing can be done, perhaps, to kill "evacuation" now, but unless we abuse its wretched parents with a will, they will gaily give birth to some similar monstrosity t o m o r r o w. No doubt about it, this was a wanton and brutish crime against good sense and the King's English, committed by the King's Government. And there was not the least excuse. "Evacuate" means—it still means—"to make empty," quite empty. "Evacuate" is what the doctor tries to do when he uses a stomach-pump. Now when the whole of a garrison retired from a fort and left it to the enemy, that was reasonably described as an "evacuation" though even then, "abandonment" would have been a better word. But you don't say that you have "evacuated" a pint pot when you have drunk half a pint. At no time did the Government intend that London, Liverpool or Manchester should be "evacuated"—that is, "made empty." Then why use the word? If ever they do wish to do the drastic thing, they will need some drastic word like "evacuate," and then they will find that they have destroyed its meaning. If you ask me what I should have done, I shall accept the challenge at once. I should have said, "The Government's policy is one of *dispersal*—to disperse or scatter the people, as the general scatters his soldiers, that they may present a more tricky target to the enemy. Those who are asked to

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go will be called "scatterers"—a good old English word; or, if you insist, "scatterees"—a bad word but much better than "evacuees."

WHAT I HATE is to hear the simple workman or waterman in the pub compelled to speak of the intimate things in his life—the departure of his wife, the care of his children—in ugly, alien and unnatural terms, simply because some official in the Ministry of Sanitation enjoys the sound of lengthy Latin words, or is too lazy to select an English one.

"Where's Martha, Bill? She ain't evacuated, surely?"

"No, Bert; she's a self-evacuating person, see!"

"Oh, 'opped it, did she? You're lucky; my old girl was government evacuated, but she's gone and de-evacuated 'erself."

"That's bad, Bert; what'll you do?"

"Do? Why, de-re-evacuate 'er, of course."

I do not like it. Nor do you. I am no enemy of the Latin tongue. I am humbly grateful that, in a small way, I had a chance to be a Latin scholar. I admire and love that language; I strongly advocate the study of it. But there's no good reason why every new thing should be given a long Latin label. If we want to speak of "rat catching," do not let us say "deratization" as our officials and seamen have to do today in every harbor of the kingdom. When we mean no more than "cleansing," why say, and make the nation say, "decontamination."

Distrust these long-legged Latin words. Too often at the other end there is an empty skull—or should I say, an "evacuated" skull? Distrust, too, this cloud of stinging words that end in "ist" and "ism"—"Fascist," "Bolshevist," "Imperialist." Ask those who use them what they mean. All those who wear a white collar have not, as some say, a "fascist mentality"; all those who believe in the public ownership of railways are not accurately described as "Bolshevists." The air is full of these misty words, and not only in Whitehall. "Moral re-armament." It sound good, but what does it mean—and what's behind it? "Imperialism" — the latest term of abuse; what does that mean? If to be a British imperialist means to believe that the British commonwealth of nations is a fine achievement and a noble force and is worth preserving—then I am an imperialist. And anyone who has another meaning must explain it clearly before I permit him to use it like a swear-word.

But I should prefer, as I have said, to do without such alien labels in politics at all. Let us—when we can—preserve and honor the fire, the force, the freshness of our tongue — with, of course, such reasonable contributions as we require from others. In that tongue, after all, great things can be said in few and slender words. How did King George the Fifth speak of the British Empire? "In these days," he said in 1935, "when fear and preparation for war are again astir in the world, let us be thankful that quiet government and peace prevail over so large a part of the earth's surface, and that under our flag of freedom so many millions eat their daily bread, in far distant lands and climates, with none to make them afraid."

Is that imperialism? I cannot tell. Is it good English? Yes; simple and sturdy; proud but plain.

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Franco's Program to Rebuild Spain

From the *Times*, London Independent Conservative Daily

THERE have been many signs in Spain lately that General Franco now feels able to advance further along the path of clemency for political opponents and thus lay the only firm foundation for his policy of reconstruction. Spaniards are by nature an uncompromising people, and there is still great bitterness between the survivors of a civil war in which even more persons were executed than killed in action. Each faction still counts and remembers its martyrs; there is hardly a family but mourns a lost member. Thousands who belonged to the broken republican parties are in prison, in exile, and in refugee camps across the French border. In the meantime there is unlimited work to be done in Spain, if labor, organization, and a minimum of capital can be united. A few days ago the Caudillo promulgated a pardon for all persons condemned for the less heinous offences against the National Government; and, according to the latest explanation of a Falangist newspaper, it will be possible for political opponents against whom no criminal charges stand to return to Spain next year without fear of arrest. An ingenious regulation provides that prisoners serving sentences inside Spain may count every day double on which they work; so they can halve their period of detention.

The republican leaders carried off a large quantity of the gold reserve which would now have been invaluable for acquiring the raw material of reconstruction, and in present circumstances the barter arrangement which had been concluded with Germany cannot be carried out. The public, however, have shown the confidence they feel in the Franco régime by over-subscribing the loan floated by the Government in the autumn; and already a good beginning has been made in the essential preliminary tasks of rebuilding bridges and roads and repaving the streets of Madrid, which had been terribly wrecked by bomb and shell. Mines are being reopened and mulberry trees replanted for silkworm breeding. Señor Suñer, the Falangist leader, who not very long ago was reputed to be advocating a "dangerous" foreign policy, devoted the whole of his Toledo speech to the more practical matter of reform at home; and it would clearly be a suicidal policy to dissipate in adventure the national strength which is being slowly rebuilt. Foreign trade should receive an effective impetus from the treaty which has just been concluded with France. It is of the barter type, involving no credits by either side and stipulating for the exchange of goods of equal value between the two countries. France has already begun to supply wheat to Spain and is to receive minerals in return.

The conclusion of this treaty has

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more than commercial value, for it signifies that the spirit of reconciliation extends to foreign, as well as to home affairs. The feeling in nationalist circles at the end of the Civil War was unfriendly to the French and British Governments, whose sympathies were supposed to have been pro-republican, despite their attitude of strict and firm neutrality, maintained consistently in very difficult circumstances, and in face of much misrepresentation. With Italy Spanish relations have, of course, been cordial throughout, and the Falangist State seems likely to be built on corporative lines. The feelings of gratitude entertained by the Nationalists towards Germany for her help in the Civil War received a sharp jolt from the conclusion of the Nazi-Soviet pact. On the other hand M. Daladier's drastic treatment of Communists in France has made the ambassadorial task of Marshal Pétain easier. Already the admirable French *lycée* has been reopened in Madrid. There is wide scope for British cultural work there.

Traditionally the relations between Spain and Great Britain have been particularly good in cultural and commercial affairs. Even amidst present difficulties the aim of restoring them to their former confidence and strength must be kept steadily in view. The rallying call of the Nationalists is now "Spain—united, great and free." These words express the true purpose of the British policy of neutrality and conciliation through all the weary months when Spaniard was fighting Spaniard.

Editor's Note: Reliable data on Franco's progress in internal reconstruction are difficult to secure. Early this year the Spanish Government announced the beginning of a new ten-year program of public works—roads, railroads, irrigation, dams and harbors—with a budget of $380,000,000. *Peninsular News Service,* official Spanish news agency in New York, has available many pictures of rebuilt bridges, public buildings, etc., and new low-cost housing projects, but no figures on actual expenditures for these purposes in the year since the end of the Civil War. It takes no accurate estimate of the war damages to be repaired to know that they are tremendous.

As indicated in the above editorial from the London *Times,* France and England are eager to forget ideological differences and give Franco all the economic aid which their own wartime limitations allow, perhaps on the theory that if reconstruction progresses satisfactorily and the people have plenty of bread, he will stay busy and happy at home. The German-Russian Pact unquestionably gave the Allies their opening to convince Franco that Spain's future lies with the Western Powers, not with his former Nazi friends.

It's All Over

Morally our enemies are condemned; politically the war is won. It only remains to secure military victory.

—*Le Matin,* Paris

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We won't hate the Japanese if we play ball with them—especially baseball

American Baseball Conquers Japan

By HENRY MISSELWITZ

PRESIDENT Franklin D. Roosevelt agreed one day when I remarked at the White House that a world series baseball game between a winning team in the United States and one from Japan would go far toward insuring permanent peace in the Pacific.

Our conversation took place a few years ago, but it is just as vital now as it was in that summer of 1936. In fact, more so. For there is a feeling in America now that Japan is far from the "good neighbor" she might be to China—and many citizens in the United States look more askance than ever at the Japanese, and wonder if we soon will have to fight a war against them.

You may know that in the present generation our national pastime has become the national sport also of Japan. If not, I will tell you that it has—and such men as Babe Ruth, Connie Mack, Ty Cobb and others of our baseball great who have been out to Japan in recent years will bear me out.

Baseball has not only become their national pastime, but it has as great a vogue there, or even greater now, than it has in latter years in the United States itself.

Another thing a *real* world series between winners in major leagues of Japan and the United States—not just an inter-major-league series which we now dub a "world" series—could do, would be to stimulate general interest in the sport right here in America.

Public support has waned to an alarming degree in baseball for a decade, and the "recession" isn't the only reason. Organized baseball needs something to jar it out of the rut it's getting into—and a series like this between, let us say, the Tokyo *Giants* and an American winning team from the National and American league pennant-winners, would do wonders in that direction, too.

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So far, baseball in Japan has remained almost entirely an amateur sport played chiefly in schools and colleges and in private companies whose employes love to play a game at any and all times. But the game has made such vast progress that a league of professional teams is not only feasible but probable shortly. In fact, some steps already have been taken toward organizing a professional league. But nothing vital has emerged as yet in the way of an intercity league of eight cities, such as our National or American leagues in the United States.

A baseball league of that sort is coming—but meanwhile the Japanese have taken up baseball from grade school to college, from banking houses to factories to ships at sea, and so on. They are simply "baseball crazy," war or no war.

They play baseball whenever a Japanese ship—be it a warship, luxury liner or a freighter—gets into port, anywhere on earth. And those pick-up teams soon lose their "sea-legs," and almost always put up a surprisingly good exhibition. I saw one play a game at Vladivostok one day ten years ago, and they did very well against another Japanese team there made up of men in the local Bank of Chosen.

In Shanghai, teams from the Japanese merchant ships or their naval or marine outfits play in the local service league. And they give the United States Marines a trimming more often than otherwise. They go in for the game in a serious way, for one thing, and they play for all it's worth to win.

The tour not long ago of Babe Ruth and other American League players proved the amazing manner in which the Japanese have gone out of their heads over our baseball heroes and the game.

The average Japanese still is opposed to professionalism in any sport, including baseball. But they go for professional players when *we* send them over there—and 500,000 cash customers paid their good yen to witness our Ruth and his teammates in action during their tour of the island empire.

And incidentally, the newspaper *Yomiuri,* in Tokyo, which sponsored that tour, reported in audited statistics, that there were:

Average attendance at *each* game, entire tour 25,000
Tokyo: *Average* attendance ...50,000
Average admission price yen 1.50 (about 50c)
Gross receipts yen 700,000 (about $235,000)

The Japanese went wild over Babe Ruth, and he probably still is surprised at the way in which they go in for baseball and himself, Ty Cobb and other heroes of our sport. The Babe's name has been a household word in practically every home in Japan for years.

So are the names of other stars, and the world series games get play-by-play treatment in the big Japanese newspapers all over the empire, despite excessive cable tolls for any sort of news. But the fans there demand it—and they get it.

The newspapers have scoreboards out in front, flashing the plays just as we do, and only a few seconds after the plays occur in big games played in Japan, such as a tight series between two favorite colleges. And hundreds of fans gather to watch them and cheer when a player smacks

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out a long one, or a pitcher fans a tough batter.

The inscrutable Oriental? You couldn't find one in a thousand at a ball game in Japan, or in front of one of those scoreboards. They go wild, cheer, applaud, yell strangely accented phrases from the American lingo of the baseball diamond, as "Knock-a covah offut!" and "Homu-runo, fella!" and so on. All the terms, as in tennis in Japan, are in English. The umpire shouts, "Battah uppa!" or "Strik-u!" or "Bawrru!" and so on.

They cannot end a word on a consonant, hence the "u" or "a" endings. Also, they have trouble with "l," and "ball" becomes something like the quoted exclamation above. But they know what it means, and if the fans disagree, there's liable to be a shower of pop bottles out there—even as here at home!

To give you an idea of how mad the Japanese are about baseball, let me cite an example of what amounts almost to mob hysteria about the game. I have seen 80,000 Japanese men, women and children packed like sardines in a can into the huge steel-and-concrete modern stadium between Kobe and Osaka, in the industrial and shipping center of western Japan, to see the finals in the annual autumn high school (middle school, they call it) series over there.

—*Marianne*, Paris

These wildly enthusiastic thousands cram every possible nook and cranny of that ball grounds, and for what? To see high school finalists play each other for the school pennant, or championship—not even a "Little World Series" out there, among cities like Tokyo, Osaka, Kyoto and so on.

There are modern baseball stadiums and fields for track meets and ball games such as rugby, soccer and football as well as cricket and "rounders," as the British still sometimes refer to the American national pastime (which they originated). When some college team from the United States, like the University of California or the University of Chicago, Harvard or some other, goes out there to play baseball these stadiums are crowded and an average game of that sort is witnessed by 25,000 fan rooters for dear old Waseda, or Meiji or any other Japanese university.

The Japanese formerly became so excited and intense over school and college games that the authorities had to ban organized cheering and yelling at games. Instead, now when a man slaps out a home run or makes a great catch, the stands clap like mad.

It is a weird sound out in the open to hear 50,000 or 60,000 persons clapping furiously, their hands going like lightning in their enthusiasm, kimonos flapping in the sunshine. It sounds like a great tropical rain-storm suddenly sweeping the city, but subsides when play is resumed.

This sort of thing has been going on out there for the last forty years,

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ever since Dr. Isoo Abe, for many years professor in Waseda University in Tokyo, who was educated in the United States, took baseball back to Japan with him from college and organized teams at Waseda.

He still is regarded as the "father of baseball" in Japan—but one of the most ardent in support of the conservative contention that the game must remain on an amateur basis there.

Hotels, newspapers, subway companies, railways, shipping lines and ships themselves, and others have their ball teams. They play on any ball diamond available, few having grounds of their own.

Nels Norgren, baseball coach for years at the University of Chicago, has taken teams to Japan, and agrees that sentiment is growing among baseball men in America for games with Japan. When Norgren returned from a tour of Japan with his University nine a few years ago, he told of the astonishing development of baseball out there—especially since his first baseball junket to the Orient in 1925. He said:

"Baseball is more the national sport of Japan than it is of America. Professional baseball has not been developed, but every youngster seems to be playing the game, and the college teams attract tremendous crowds of 70,000 fans.

"The Japanese play much better ball than the average American college team, and it will require a championship American team to be successful in Japan in the future."

Norgren's team came home that trip with an even break in fifteen games played with Japanese college teams. They won seven and tied one, after losing the first five games played.

Connie Mack, the "grand old man" of the Philadelphia Athletics, made the tour of Japan with Babe Ruth and was impressed by what he saw. He came home convinced that baseball in Japan "has barely started," and telling everyone, "There'll be no stopping them, once they get organized." He thinks now that a world championship series between the United States and Japan may become a regular fixture within another ten years or so.

"The Japanese field beautifully," he told the press on returning from the Orient. "They run bases well, too, and play smart ball. They really love the game. The crowd enthusiasm I observed on the trip was nothing less than amazing."

Well, you can't hate a man you literally play ball with—not for long, in any case. Men in the governments at Washington and Tokyo are coming to realize the value of sports in general and, in the case of Japan, of baseball in particular as a vital aid to diplomatic gestures toward promoting peace.

Like President Roosevelt, others are inclined to agree that a world series between the United States and Japan one day before too long would be great hands-across-the-sea material.

And sportsmen, amateur and otherwise, see such a series as an international event worth while, ranking with the yacht races, golf, the Davis Cup tennis matches and other world competitions—and outranking many as a novel added starter in a warlike world.

It could beat all the diplomatic notes of a decade in spreading goodwill where it needs a lot of spreading at the moment.

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A jackal, a wolf, a fox and a bear figure in this parable for our times

Fable, Modern Mode

By BARBARA WERTHEIM

ONCE THERE was a couple, of good family but in rather reduced circumstances who lived on the edge of the woods with a large family of children. The husband never forgot he was a gentleman born, kept a stiff upper lip and dressed every night for dinner. His wife tried hard to keep the children's socks darned and the dishes washed and if sometimes the task seemed too much for her yet she still retained that charm and grace which had made her the belle of the ball in the gay old days.

Also in the family was a very old grandfather who lived by himself on the other side of the pond away from the noise and modern mannerisms of the younger generation. One day a jackal came out of the woods and attacked the old grandfather. "Help, help!" the family heard him cry. The husband called a family council. "What shall we do, what shall we do?" everyone cried jumping up and down in excitement, for this was some years ago when attacks by creatures of the woods were unusual and caused alarm. "This is a serious matter," said the husband, "I think we should send someone over to investigate." This was immediately done and the investigating committee upon its return reported that sure enough grandfather had been attacked by a jackal which had, in fact, eaten off his right leg. "How terrible," the family said and passed a resolution condemning the jackal's behavior. That night the children shivered in their sleep for from the woods came the sound of the jackal laughing as he digested their grandfather's right leg.

"Father, Mother!" cried the children some days later, running to their parents in a fright. "There's a new animal in the woods, a wolf! Oh, please do something before he eats us all up." "Nonsense," said their father, keeping a stiff upper lip. "Wolf, indeed! Whoever heard of a wolf in our woods? And even supposing there were, he won't hurt you.

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Run off and play and don't bother me."

But a few days later the children came running again. "Father, Mother! A fox has come out of the woods and he's trying to gobble up the little pickaninny who lives back of our kitchen garden. Don't you think we should try to stop him?" And they all looked up at their parents anxiously. "Children," said their father wearily, tying on his dress tie, "I refuse to become excited by all these tales of wild animals coming out of the woods. However, just to satisfy you . . .," and he went to the doorway and called, "Stop it, Fox!" and went back to finish tying his tie. "But he's eaten her all up anyway!" wailed the children. Sure enough there was the fox outside the door with a nasty grin on his face. "What's that you called to me?" he snarled. The wife smiled at him charmingly. "Pretend it was never said, Sir," she said and the fox winked at her, for he recognized a pretty woman when he saw one, and went his way. "There, children," said the husband, "you see how tame they are."

Next morning the family was startled by a desperate cry from one of the little girls of whom it had always been said that she took after her mother. "Help, help!" she called, "the fox! the wolf!" The wife leaned out the window and sure enough there was her own daughter struggling in the jaws of the fox and the wolf. "Dear," she asked her husband hesitantly, "do you think perhaps we should do something?" "Certainly not," he replied. "She's just making it up to annoy us. Foxes and wolves in my own front yard, indeed! I have no information which would tend to confirm such an allegation." Strangled cries continued to come from the daughter for some time but the mother said that after all she had always been a wayward child and the father said he did not wish the matter to be referred to again and pretty soon the little girl was all eaten up.

THAT afternoon the jackal came out of the woods again and ate off the grandfather's left leg. The breeze wafted over the pond a faint cry of "Help, help!" but the matter was pooh-poohed by the family for after all the old man was tough and would live a long time anyway. Then suddenly one of the little boys, who had always been a frail child, cried, "Help! Wolf, wolf!" His brothers and sisters looked up in alarm. But the mother was very busy at that moment changing her dress and the father said, "Nonsense, I don't believe it. Is a man never to have a quiet evening at home without being disturbed." But the wolf was really there and he gobbled up the little boy in one gulp. Soon afterward another of the little boys, of whom it had always been said that he would grow up to be a great help to his parents, cried in a most penetrating voice, "Wolf, wolf! help!" *"Tiens"* said the mother, "this is getting to be a habit among the children." "Rum show, what?" said the father. But such was the anxiety of their remaining children that they felt obliged to do something so they leaned out the window and told their son not to make so much noise. The wolf, after eating off the little boy's arms and legs, cocked a yellow eye at the parents, turned and trotted off into the woods.

"See how I handled him," said the

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father, "now we shall have no more trouble."

But next morning he saw that the wolf had come back in the night and eaten up all the rest of the little boy. "I say," he muttered, "wonder if there's something in this wolf business, after all." Just then one of the little girls cried out in a panic, "Wolf, wolf! Help! He's coming at me!" The mother put her foot down. "This wolf must be exterminated," she said. "Rather," said the father, "stiff upper lip, my dear." So, calling to the rest of the children who, however, had all hidden away under the bushes and refused to answer, the husband and his wife went into the house, locked the door, closed the windows and meanwhile the wolf ate up the little girl.

NEXT day a big bear came out of the woods and pounced on one of the little boys hidden under one of the bushes. "Why," said the wife, looking out the window, "it's a horrid great big bear." "Shocking," said the husband, "rotten bad show." "We must save him," said the wife. "Definitely," said the husband, "but how?" "I don't know," said the wife. As they were discussing this problem a neighbor, on his way to the parents' house, nodded to the little boy who was struggling with the bear, and said kindly, "Go to it, kid." He went on up the path, knocked on the door and was shown in by the worried couple. "My friends," he said, "of course this is none of my business and I don't want to get mixed up in it, but all this talk about jackals and foxes and wolves and bears is upsetting my household and I'd like to see you settle the whole matter quietly and quickly."

"Oh, but look!" cried the couple pointing out the window to where the bear, having eaten off the hands and feet of the little boy, was lumbering back into the woods. "And look out this window," they cried. "There's the wolf who has eaten up most of our children and now he's trying to get at *us*."

The neighbor did not turn his head. "My advice to you is to settle this whole matter quietly and quickly," he repeated. "Is a man never to spend a quiet evening at home with his family without being disturbed? I wish to hear no more of this nonsense about wild animals coming out of the woods." And he went back home.

Gallic Acidity

Perhaps it will interest some people to repeat what General Marie Gustave Gamelin, Allied commander on the Western Front, told a newspaper correspondent a few weeks ago when asked his opinion of Italy's military strength. He was quoted as follows:

"If Italy should remain neutral, I need five divisions to watch her. If she goes over to Hitler, I should need some ten divisions to beat her. But if Italy should join the Allies, I should need fifteen divisions to help her."

—"Kantekleer," in *De Groene Amsterdammer*

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Only certain shortages are created by the Allies' control of the seas

The Limited Effect of Britain's Blockade

By Mark Littmann

From the *Nineteenth Century and After*, London Independent Monthly

THERE is an opinion widespread in this country that all the Allies need do to secure victory is to retain a strictly defensive policy and wait for the blockade to starve Germany into submission. The policy is at first sight attractive and plausible: attractive because it appears to avoid the heavy loss of life involved in land offensives and the material destruction of great air warfare; plausible because it seems reasonable to suppose that the German supply problem will become more acute as time goes by. In fact, however, the blockade is not likely to work in this way at all. Studies like those of Dr. Lajos or the recent Oxford Pamphlet of Mr. P. B. Thomson have spread a feeling of passive optimism, which, though of great value in ridding us of fears of the German colossus, will prove very misleading unless it is realized that the shortages are of particular kinds and are only likely to be decisive in specific circumstances.

In the first place there is no reason to believe that the German food shortage need become acute however long we wait. To show this it is convenient to distinguish cereals, fats and higher-class foodstuffs.

In 1939 Germany was virtually self-sufficient in bread grains, only 12 per cent of her wheat and 3.5 per cent of her rye being imported. These small deficiencies can easily be made up from the Balkan countries whose peace-time exports more than cover them. In feeding-stuffs Germany's greatest source of danger is maize, importing as she does 73.6 per cent of her supplies. There is also a lack of cattle cake made from vegetable oil-seeds. Yet the greater part of the maize could still be imported from Russia and the Balkans if transport were satisfactory, and strenuous attempts are being made by Germany to persuade these countries to increase their exports. If feeding-stuffs are short next winter Germany may have to increase her slaughter of livestock,

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but the number killed need not be a high proportion of the total possessed. The present bread ration is quite adequate for the needs of the ordinary German, and there seems no reason why it should not be maintained.

IT IS generally believed that the crux of the German food difficulties is to be found in the shortage of fats, although, of course, the fats are used for many purposes other than food. Germany normally imports 44.7 per cent of her fat requirements, the imports being mainly vegetable oils (imported in the form of seeds) and whale oils. She can obtain, at the most, about 43 per cent of her normal imports, and much of this would have been extracted in neutral countries from oil-seeds brought from overseas and hence partly subject to British contraband control. Her supplies of whale oil, moreover, are certain to decline, since many of the fishing grounds are now closed to her, while the whole of this season's Norwegian catch has been purchased by the British Government. The seriousness of the total fats deficiency of about 20 or 25 per cent depends, however, upon the size of the demand for war purposes (*e.g.*, explosives and lubricants). If no major military operations take place most of the fats can be consumed as butter, margarine and suet, or used for cooking purposes. At the moment, for example, the ration is not appreciably below the average German consumption of recent years. Soap and candles may be scarce, but the shortages will not be acute, let alone decisive. Under the strain of major hostilities the position would be much worse, as it may become in view of the hostilities.

The deficit in meat supplies need not exceed 10 per cent of recent peace-time consumption, while the number of livestock is big enough to permit a high rate of slaughter (necessitated, anyway, by shortage of fodder) for about three years without causing anxiety. The shortages of eggs, fish and fruit, and the poor quality of the coffee substitute make the diet extremely dull, but the supplies of potatoes are adequate, and there is no question of starvation either now or in the future. As time passes transport between Germany, the Balkans and Russia will be developed, and in this way the position may from their point of view improve rather than deteriorate.

Fortunately, however, the German economic system is extremely vulnerable in fuels and raw materials, and particularly in those materials used directly in the manufacture of instruments of war. Now the demand for such materials varies considerably with the scale of warfare, so that while the shortages will not be acute so long as the present inactivity [which ceased on April 8] continues, they would , under the strain of great hostilities, soon prove decisive.

An amazingly small proportion (1 to 46 per cent) of war metals required comes from home sources. How much of these imports can she still acquire? This varies for different commodities, and for each commodity depends upon the amounts exported by accessible neutrals, the means of payment possessed by Germany, the condition of transport, and the liveliness of the British economic warfare. In most cases Germany is not likely to get anything like the total amounts hitherto exported by the neu-

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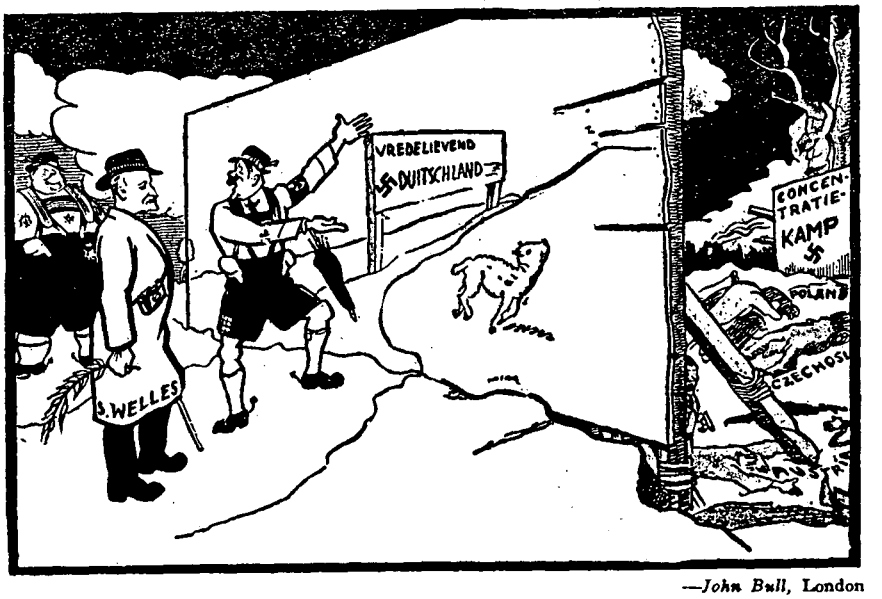
trals, but where her political influence is strongest she may actually get more.

Of aluminium, most necessary in the construction of aeroplanes, machine guns and electrical equipment, in welding and casting, and in the manufacture of explosives, Germany cannot find more than half of normal peace-time supplies. Chromium, used in the preparation of hard steels, can be imported from Turkey (who has an export surplus of 200,000 tons), Greece (export surplus 55,000 tons), Jugoslavia (24,000 tons) and Scandinavia (28,000 tons). Apart from Scandinavia, however, all these countries can only export to Germany via the Balkans, where transport is for the time being very bad. The same applies to the accessible supplies of manganese, nine-tenths of which are in the hands of Russia, and again to those of copper and of nickel. Russia could supply all Germany's manganese requirements, but Germany is certain in any case to be very short of copper and nickel.

Greater Germany's peace-time consumption of iron ore is over 32,000,000 tons. Her own supplies were of very poor quality, and although Austria and Czechoslovakia were gains they had net imports. The home sources give only 36 per cent of peace-time consumption. If she could acquire the greater part of neutral exports she would still be short, but, with the stocks of 20,000,000 tons which she claims, could hold out even at that rate of consumption for at least three or four years. Of the 18,000,000 tons exportable surpluses of the neutrals Sweden is responsible for 14,000,000 tons, or 78 per cent. In 1938 Germany imported 9,000,000 tons from Sweden, 41 per cent of her total imports, but it is doubtful if this can be sustained let alone increased. Seventy per cent of the Swedish ores come from the northern



—*John Bull*, London

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minefields, which usually export through the Norwegian port of Narvik, now subject to British contraband control. A railway line has been built to Lulea on the Baltic, and during the first two months of war the 1938 level of shipments was maintained, but Lulea is frozen from December to March, and over the whole year consignments may fall as much as 30 per cent. In all, Germany will probably have about one-third less iron ore than in peace time, and although civil consumption can be reduced up to a point, there would be tremendous difficulty in satisfying full war needs. To the list might well be added cotton and rubber, where home production provides only 42 and 25 per cent respectively of the total peace-time needs. They are both required in vastly increased amounts during great warfare.

The really critical commodity is, however, oil. War consumption is variously estimated at between two and five times peace consumption, and the total amounts are so large that it is impossible to store the supplies required in any considerable length of time.

We have found, therefore, that the major deficiencies of supply in Germany are to be found in those materials used directly in the production of armaments and the prosecution of war. As a result the decisiveness of these shortages depends directly upon the scale of warfare. She seems to have enough food as long as in the military sphere things remain quiet, for then too large a proportion of fats need not be devoted to the manufacture of explosives, and the shortage of labor which in the last war led to such a disastrous decline in home production need not be so severe. If the shortages of raw materials are considerable, that does not mean that we can afford to wait and do nothing, keeping up our spirits by repeated affirmations that "time is with us." The less the war strain, the easier it will be for Germany to maintain her exports and so accumulate gold and foreign currency to pay for essential imports. As time passes Balkan railways will be improved, the Danube deepened, and more wagons and barges be provided to carry copper, manganese, chromium and oil to Germany. In eighteen months they should be ready to carry fodder, manganese and oil, coaxed from the Russian economic system by German technical experts. If, however, major hostilities develop, especially in the near future, Germany's position will quickly become desperate. Oil is the crux of the matter, and we have seen that her supplies of oil could not last more than four or five months. Since Germany is not likely to gain a decision in that time, her most rational policy is to do absolutely nothing and to wait for the Allies to start asking, "What are we fighting for?" From an economic point of view it is, however, perfectly clear that the only war Germany can afford is a long one. She would run a great risk if she were to attempt a "Blitzkrieg."

[*Editor's Note:* Several paragraphs regarding the effect of the blockade on Germany's supply of oil have been deleted from the article above, since this subject is dealt with in detail on p. 267.]

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Britain and France are on the verge of collapse—thus Hitler's organ

The Nazis View Tomorrow's World

By HEINRICH LOHSE
GAULEITER OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN

Translated from the *Völkischer Beobachter*, Munich Daily

WITH THE beginning of spring, we are approaching a solution of the greatest problems of history in all time. Continents, peoples and races are in a state of turmoil pending the organization of a new order of their living-space and of a new world. In the Far East the peoples of the yellow races have for years been struggling toward a decision. The peoples of the British world-empire, embracing one-fourth of the globe's population, are straining at their chains and cry for freedom.

As for Europe, that continent has been in commotion since 1914, shaken by the dread of the dawn of a new era. First the World War, then uprisings and revolutions, and today the decisive battle for the new order. This is the aim of the war—the establishment or the prevention of this new order; we Germans await the decision with calm.

The British have declared war on Germany because they fear for the continued existence of their world-empire. Following in their train is France, which lost its dubious European supremacy resulting from the Versailles Treaty, and now imagines that it will be able to regain it, with the help of England, by the final destruction of Greater Germany. They wage this war jointly against Germany not because they have been threatened or even attacked by us. Far from it, because the Führer has repeatedly offered treaties guaranteeing both countries their present power and possessions.

The British struggle for the creation of a world-empire and for its maintenance covers a period of 300 years. The Viking blood of the Britons found no peace on the island. Just as they came 1,200 years before from our Cimbrian Peninsula, so they struck out from that island—after conquering Spain, The Netherlands and finally their present ally, France

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—to create their world-empire. The bloody wrangle among Britons, Scots and Irish had not yet finished in the mother country when Cromwell found time to foster commerce and shipping and to develop points of support throughout the world and anchor them firmly as the cornerstones of the future empire.

The passage of the 300 years dating from the creation of a nation in the motherland to the establishment of British world-empire—which, by the way, started to crumble a few decades ago—was racially conditioned. That world-empire could have been preserved only if racial laws had been respected and British world policy had been governed accordingly. But the seed of decay was sown when the British shopkeeper-philosophy celebrated its revival under the father of liberalism, Adam Smith, in the "free play of forces," resulting in the unrestricted rule of one group above all others. England's period of prosperous capitalist economy confirms this conception. Just as the capitalist period of prosperity of the Hohenzollern empire, being anti-social, was unable to save Germany from utter defeat in spite of its strong army, so now equally capitalistic Albion will not be able to ward off destruction in today's war.

To a much greater extent than before in Germany, capitalism in England has piled up its triumphs with every brutal consequence. Race has deteriorated among the ruling class; many families with a resounding name in empire history have absorbed Jewish blood by intermarriage. The people from whom the pioneers of that world-empire were once recruited, and from whom they descended are no longer Aryan. Now they are interested only in personal comforts and in their wealth; and the world-empire of 460,000,000 people must slave for this small and bastardized crust of the English master-caste. In England, Disraeli, Rothschild and their like have done a thorough job. "In race is the key to world history," Disraeli once said. And so England either will lead Jewish power to the victory it craves, thus compensating for its defeat in Germany, or—and on this conviction we stand firm as a rock—both will go down to defeat together.

Large sections of the British people, particularly the great mass of the working people, live under conditions unfit for humans and in social degradation as abysmal as that of the 400,000,000 slaves in the dominions and colonies.

WHATEVER nation today refuses its tribute to the principles of National Socialism will live to see its people in revolt just as now the 400,000,000 subjugated people of the present British Empire are in revolt. We understand fully the rage and boundless hate of the British leader-clique against Adolf Hitler and his Reich, where the welfare of the people is the supreme law. It is not the welfare of the people but that of propertied society in England that is the incentive for every move by Mr. Chamberlain, his ministers and the members of Parliament. Nothing else matters.

For the preservation of this small social stratum, its immeasurable riches and their sources, this war has been instigated. In this conflict, the last pure-blooded reserves of Britain, the residue of the World War, will have

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to be sacrificed for this British objective, together with the French: for "democratic freedom of the peoples," as they say, as against a just distribution of the good things of this earth, as we Germans say.

The French are the vassals of the British, and in respect to power-politics and capitalistic outlook they are in the same boat. One cannot attain its shabby aims without the other. Racial conditions in France are not less atrocious than in England. True, the majority of the French lower middle class and peasantry have maintained the purity of their Roman blood, but this blood is diluted and the birth rate is decreasing alarmingly. In the large cities and industrial districts, Jewish and even colored bastardization continues. And a people which for generations has continuously called colored colonials to assist "in the defence of the cultural achievements of Europe" is itself so irretrievably doomed to extinction, has disregarded so flagrantly the laws of nature and consequently those of its own blood, its very life and existence, that it will not be able to resist the great masses of the opposition within its own people nor the onslaught of another firmly united nation. France's European supremacy is finished forever; the victims of 500 years of attempts by France to dominate Germany have been lost in vain.

Das Schwarze Korps' view

Britain and France attained their national unification during the centuries of German weakness. They were at the height of their power at the time when inextricable chaos ruled among the German princes and tribes. Once they were nations and we Germans were only tribal groups. Today we are a nation, and they are only a racially muddled mass with identical interests. Centuries ago they became people and state; today they are on the brink of the precipice. Today we are the Greater German nation, which will maintain its entity for centuries after the world-empire of England and the European supremacy of France will be past history.

Thus the dawn of this new decade becomes the dawn of a new world. The murderous liberal-capitalist era is now breathing its last. Adolf Hitler and his National Socialist idea for the redemption of peoples will conquer for the weal of that people, who will enjoy a long peace.

Soviet Version

The Red Army, side by side with the Finnish workers, forges onward through the blizzard.

—Ivor Montague in the *Labor Monthly*, London

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Notes and Comments

What Fun!

What an unspeakable blessing for mankind if national and international relations were organized on the plan of Association football! What a boon if the game of international politics were played in the spirit of clean, healthy sport—"strife without laughter, and art without malice."

What fun it would be for immense crowds of interested spectators to see the statesmen of the world in jerseys fighting out their League questions in some stadium, say, on Wimbledon Common, if only they agreed to abide by the decision of the referee when he blew his whistle and cried "foul." Hurrah! for Mr. Chamberlain as center-forward.

—Cardinal Hinsley in the *Daily Telegraph,* London

Censorship

Eagerly opening an envelope from England addressed in her fiancé's handwriting, a young Danish girl was surprised to find, not a long-awaited letter, but the following note from the British censor:

"In this envelope was a letter from your fiancé, Mr. ——. He was too talkative and wrote of things which did not concern him and, for this reason, we were obliged to destroy his letter.

"All the same, we wish to assure you that he is quite well and sends his love, greeting and many kisses.

"When next you write to him, perhaps you would be good enough to ask him in future to write only love-letters. Then, naturally, we shall be very pleased to send them on."

—*North-China Herald,* Shanghai

Home Front Sport

A pleasant new game has been invented and it requires no dice or imagination. It is played in couples in large department stores. One point is scored when the man behind the counter announces that the next batch of his wares will be "very much more expensive," two points are scored if he announces that "there will never be any more of these," one point is deducted if there is no mention of scarcity or rising prices.

As a result of recent shopping expeditions the following facts have emerged: there are going to be no more blankets, saucepans, toothbrushes, underwear, shoes, soap—or at least what else is one to assume when one is assured "Can't get any more of these, Sir." In one shop a bland salesman assured me that the single sock I was admiring was "positively the last of its kind."

—*The Listener,* London

Give Till You're Bald

The patriotic German man and woman will cut off his hair and give it to the Nationalist Socialist State. These loyal contributions will relieve us of purchasing carpeting and felt abroad.

—*Leipziger Neueste Nachrichten*

War Aims

If the Allies adopt as their goal
The destruction of Sin as a whole,
And proceed to fulfil
Their Olympian will,
The Almighty will be on the dole.

—William Douglas Home in *New Statesman and Nation*

U. S. Aid to Nazis

We find that Americans are giving us stiff competition in our work to expose English propaganda activities in the United States. Of course, the strongest evidence against England is to be found in American exposés of British World War propaganda, such as Walter Millis' *Road to War* and James D. Squires' *British Propaganda at Home and in the United States.*

—*News From Germany,* Berlin

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Free Speech

Three men were sitting in a café in a dictator-governed country. The first was reading a newspaper. Suddenly he pointed to an article, shook his head and exclaimed "Tut, tut!" The second man looked over his shoulder and exclaimed, "Tut! tut, tut!" The third man jumped to his feet. "If you two fellows are going to talk politics, I'm going home!"

—*Japan Chronicle*, Kobe

The Opportunist

As a tall, athletic-looking young man entered the room he was greeted by many friends.

"A popular young man?" asked a stranger of his neighbor.

"Yes," was the reply. "He distinguished nimself when the circus was here."

"In what way?" asked the stranger.

"A lion escaped and, when everybody was yelling and trying to get away, he walked calmly to the lion's cage and shut himself inside."

—*Goblin*, Canada

The Real War Aim

The Vicar of Brampton, the Rev. E. T. Shepherd, said he had been shocked to find that the term "unmarried wife" appeared on the form. "It seems to me," he said, "to be a hint from the Government that you should have an unmarried wife. It is a nasty hit at the sanctity of marriage. We Christian people should protest at the Government calling an unmarried woman a wife. When I saw the phrase I wondered what we were fighting for."

—*Manchester Guardian*

The Relaxed Diplomatist

I find the best distraction in the open air, though the passage of years has greatly limited the country activities which I used to enjoy. Indoors I take pleasure in the best of the exciting stories written by the legitimate heirs of Wilkie Collins and Gaboriau.

—The Marquis of Crewe (former British ambassador to France) in *The Countryman*

Love Will Find a Shelter

Nighttime use of A. R. P. shelters by courting couples has resulted in local authorities taking steps to fit all such shelters with locked doors. "The practice has been in existence for some time, but it is now becoming so prevalent that a serious position is created," said an official at A. R. P. headquarters. Fortunately we have had no night air-raid alarms recently. If there had been any alarms many people would not have been able to find accommodation in the shelters owing to the courting couples inside.

—Nottingham *Post*

Oh, I Say, Dash It!

A forthcoming Army regulation, a chap in the War Office tells us, will require every officer who may get a salute from a private soldier in the London District to say "Thanks awfully."

—*News-Chronicle*, London

Decent of Them, Considering

Although recruited in Montreal and immediate vicinity, the Black Watch regiment is pretty solidly Anglo-Saxon in its make-up. It has only about 160 French Canadians. And even they have acquired its *esprit de corps*.

—*The Globe & Mail*, Toronto

Career Suggestion

Shortly after his peremptory dismissal, Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, who was president of the Reichsbank, is reported to have told an intimate that the only German professional man who could practice by the end of 1940 would be the grave-digger.

—*L'Ordre*, Paris

Gum-Shoe Market Hit

West End solicitors, who before the war netted five-figure incomes from divorce cases, have been heavily hit by the blackout. In the winter months, at any rate, private inquiry agents are helpless. Adultery cannot be proved because identification is impossible in the pitch dark.

—*Reynolds News*, London

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The 'average' Briton thinks we should talk less and do more

Britain Assays the American Stand

By CAPT. CYRIL FALLS

From the *Illustrated London News*

Editor's Note: In early spring of this year, War Secretary Oliver Baldwin made an address in London in which he sharply criticized "armchair strategists" in the United States and in other nations of whom he said, "We may fight their battles for them, in which case all the loss will be ours and the victory will be shared by them." The view that Britain's quarrel with Germany was, in principle, also the quarrel of the United States provoked widespread press comment in this country, a good deal of it acid. In the following article Britain's wartime view of the United States is amplified.

AN American correspondent suggests that her compatriots are wearied of excessive politeness from this side of the Atlantic. She considers that the large number of them who read this paper would be interested in a completely frank British view of the attitude of the United States towards the war. By and large, she believes that there is no nation less touchy or which welcomes more heartily an honest opinion, and at the same time no nation more suspicious of flattery or more keen to search amidst pleasant generalities for the criticism left unspoken or unwritten. Now, it is obvious that what we in this country say about the United States in private often differs very markedly from our public utterances. I cannot claim that my own opinion is representative, but I have not found it to differ to any great extent from that of the majority of my acquaintances. I will try to set it down with sincerity and no more of politeness than is essential to decent criticism.

First of all, let me say that while national beneficence and charity too often shows itself to be influenced by national interests, that of America in Europe has generally been free from them; in fact, wholly altruistic. It was, for example, sheer good-heartedness which led to the noble work in Belgium during the last war asso-

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ciated with the name of Herbert Hoover. The contribution of Wilson to the settlement may have been marred by unwisdom and lack of tact —not the highest of American virtues—but it is to be doubted whether any statesman associated with Versailles was so strongly inspired by zeal for the good of mankind in general. And yet the United States contributed not a little to wreck the settlement. The refusal to honor the President's check led to Great Britain's refusal to guarantee France's security single-handed, and that in turn led to the adoption by France of a policy which did not conduce to European amity. Passing by the work of Dawes we come to that of Kellogg, ten years after the last war. The pact to outlaw war as an instrument of national policy was likewise nobly inspired and for a moment seemed to be the dawn of a better world, though its promise was only too soon belied. One cannot link cause and effect so closely in this case as in that of the Treaty of Versailles, and the blame for misunderstandings and clashes of policy over the Sino-Japanese crisis may have to be shared between Great Britain and France on the one hand and the United States on the other. At all events, the prestige of the United States as a disinterested mediator declined, the Kellogg Pact went into galloping consumption, and the United States became more and more chary of committing itself and more and more cautious, save always in advice and exhortation.

In this last respect Americans certainly did not remain mute. A study of large sections of the American press during the two years preceding the outbreak of the present war is illuminating. Far more so, however, is the evidence of those who saw the correspondence which poured into the offices of certain British newspapers during the same period. We were told that we had forfeited the right to America's respect, that we were decadent, heartless and selfish. Was it cowardice, or mere stupidity, or a secret understanding with the Nazis, we were asked, which prevented us from facing the aggressor as he seized his prey? The Prime Minister of this country came in for particularly bitter treatment, and latterly his presentation on newsreels was frequently received with booing. The burden of the song was that we ought to go in and fight. Well, at last we decided to go in and fight. We may have left it rather late, but there were logical reasons for the delay. And it must be said that the United States hailed the decision with generous sympathy. Practically the whole country, and certainly almost all the Press, revised their views in haste. We were warmly praised and congratulated. Everyone wished us well. And this view has survived six months of war, though feeling is no longer quite so universally on our side, and hints of our "imperialistic designs" have begun to appear here and there. Perhaps we are in part ourselves to blame. German propaganda has not had much effect in the United States, but German publicity has had a good deal, whereas our own has been insufficient in both quality and quantity. And in one respect American opinion has definitely altered: ideas of intervention in the conflict have receded. America has not got as far as saying, "A plague on both your houses!" and lovers of freedom and fair play trust she never

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will; but she is inclined to say that Europeans in general are hopeless, and that the first essential is to keep the New World outside their bloodthirsty quarrels. We were first poltroons, then knights-errant. We have not lost the quality of the latter, but there is less prospect that those who egged on the whilom poltroons and applauded the knights-errant will come to their aid. This is not magnificent, but it is war. As the realities of war are brought home to Americans, they are naturally anxious to avoid it if possible. Yet if our cause was right in the past it is not less right today, when Nazi iniquities in Poland have deepened the blackness of Germany's record. It is also theoretically America's cause; for our direct interests in Poland, if separated from the ideals of liberty and decency, are not very much closer than those of the United States.

Another aspect of American opinion has surprised us. If sentiment bound the United States more closely to one European State than any other, it was to Finland. The Russian aggression against that gallant and blameless nation was regarded with horror. Again there were demands in some American quarters as to what we were going to do about it. We have done something and are preparing to do much more, we who have so much else upon our hands, we who restored ourselves to America's good opinion by assuming with France the burden of a far greater task of which America approved—for us. But on the whole most of us had appreciated her desire to keep out of that bigger conflict. Now, we thought, American generosity will have its chance. There will be no need to fight for Finland; whatever the United States may send her in supplies or in volunteers, neither Russia nor Germany will regard the action as calling for a declaration of war. Altruism and idealism will for once be able to play their part without fear of any unfortunate consequences, and the United States will be only too happy to take off our hands a duty which we are so ill-equipped to carry out. Alas! promise has outrun performance. The aid provided for Finland has been, to put it delicately, moderate, and even what has been accorded has been sharply criticized.

Such are some of the reflections which arise in at least one British mind. We cannot conceive that President Roosevelt should lend himself to any maneuvres for a patched-up peace, because that would amount to condonation of the crimes which his country has so roundly condemned. Apart from that issue, the case to the minds of most of us appears simple. If America should decide to make this quarrel hers, then she has every right to play a part in its settlement and her presence will be welcome. Otherwise it would be better for us to do the business in our own benighted way. The worst calamity of all would be that she should be allowed to mould our Old World nearer to her heart's desire and then leave us to deal with the resultant hybrid, as she did twenty years ago.

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Persons and Personages

JAPAN'S HEADLINE MAKER

By KIMPEI SHEBA

From the *Orient*, Japanese Pictorial Weekly

THE Headline Maker—that would be a fitting sobriquet for Mr. Yakichiro Suma, the new spokesman of the Tokyo Foreign Office. Few of his distinguished predecessors are as perfectly cut out for this post as he is. For instance, it usually takes at least two or three weeks for a new incumbent to feel "at home" in this difficult and short-lived assignment but Mr. Suma took over the office as easily as a duck takes to water.

One day last fall Mr. Tatsuo Kawai, now a special envoy to Europe and the United States, introduced Mr. Suma to newspapermen as his successor. No sooner had the former spokesman turned his back after the introductions than Mr. Suma plunged headlong into serious business and started making headline-provoking pronouncements. In fact, in the comparatively short period of three months he has been in office, he has been responsible for furnishing more headline news than some of his predecessors have given out in a year's time.

What impressed many of the foreign correspondents about the new spokesman when they first met him was the great contrast between him and Mr. Kawai. Outside of the fact that both are easy to get along with, it would be difficult to find two men of such widely different dispositions.

Mr. Kawai is a deep thinker and an unusually slow talker who weighs carefully every word he utters, pondering so long at times in answering an important question, that some of the correspondents have felt that he was purposely ignoring them. This, of course, was never the case. Mr. Kawai is about as perfect a gentleman as one will find anywhere and he has gone to great pains to aid fact-finding newspapermen.

This is not to say that Mr. Suma is no gentleman. Far from it. It is merely to bring out the point that he has an imaginative grasp of any situation, thinks fast and is never at a loss for words. It was to him that the then Assistant United States Secretary of State Francis B. Sayre handed the

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history-making notification abrogating the American-Japanese Treaty of Commerce and Navigation. Mr. Sayre must have heard about Mr. Suma, for he told him, in handing over the communication, that he could answer no questions and requested his Japanese colleague to make no comment. That is the only time on record that Mr. Suma has been known to be speechless!

Another point of difference between him and his predecessor is that whereas the latter gave one the impression of being less interested in the present than in the future, Mr. Suma is energetic and definitely a man of the moment. Where Mr. Kawai dealt in long-range opinions, Mr. Suma prefers to cross his bridges after getting to them. Thus, while Mr. Kawai's information was usually valuable as background material and for future reference, his successor's utterances are more suited for that day's headlines.

Mr. Suma is not only voluble. He does his thinking in lightning-quick fashion. This, of course, has its dangers. Like his outspoken predecessors, Mr. Toshio Shiratori and Mr. Eiji Amau, who were proponents of the headline-making school, Mr. Suma sometimes faces the risk of "talking himself into a hole," a performance which not a few helpful newspapermen are fond of facilitating. But this apparently does not worry Mr. Suma. He is a dexterous pastmaster in the art of talking himself out of tight situations.

ON A recent trip to Shanghai he was asked at an interview with foreign correspondents about the shortage of eggs. This was a rather embarrassing topic to the Japanese at that time. Mr. Suma brushed that query aside with a laughter-provoking suggestion that it would be more interesting to talk about legs than about eggs. Few people appreciate how difficult a position the Spokesman of the Foreign Office fills. He has to deal, on the one hand, with representatives of the Japanese press, and on the other, with those of newspapers abroad, and at a time such as the present when relations among the various nations are strained, it is easy to understand the problem it must be to attempt to keep everybody happy.

Recently the correspondents in Tokyo tried to pin Mr. Suma down to a yes-or-no answer on a statement credited to him regarding what Japan might do in the event the United States made it impossible for this country to obtain essential raw materials. He suavely sidetracked that issue with the remark that, "You shouldn't take such things too seriously." That is the kind of hot water in which the spokesmen of the Foreign Office continuously find themselves. What goes well with the papers here usually is damaging if printed in the papers abroad, and only the brilliant thinker finds the sailing easy. In this respect Mr. Suma resembles Mr. Amau, now Ambassador to Italy and one of the wittiest diplomats Japan has produced.

Without exception all of the men who have fulfilled the position as Spokesman have been outstanding figures in the Foreign Office. The list includes Mr. Yosuke Matsuoka, retired president of the South Manchuria Railway, the late Marquis Komura and the late Ambassador

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Hiroshi Saito, probably Japan's most popular envoy in the past decade, Mr. Shiratori, former ambassador to Italy, Mr. Eiji Amau, and Minister-at-Large Kawai. That occupants of this post reach ambassadorial rank and get into line for the Foreign Ministership is almost axiomatic.

Mr. Suma is one of the best mixers among Japanese diplomats. He is not only master of the English language but surprisingly fluent for one who won his spurs as an expert on China. He is positive in all respects and is capable of reaching important decisions quickly. He is not concerned over trifles but he is, at the same time, a hard worker. He usually is at his desk at 8:30 o'clock every morning and goes through a tremendous amount of material by 11 A. M. when he sees the newspapermen.

In Shanghai he is known as "the swivel chair diplomat." This is because he is said to be fond of swiveling as he turns, in answering questions from correspondents, from one side of the room to the other.

As he sits at his desk Mr. Suma reminds one of a business magnate or an international financier. This impression is accentuated when he stands, for he has an imposing bearing. He is above the average in height as well as in girth for a Japanese, and he has a stance which makes you visualize a prosperous banker.

PAST Spokesmen of the Foreign Office fall conveniently into two groupings, the "headline makers" and the "no news is good news" schools. The former include Messrs. Matsuoka, Shiratori and Amau; the latter, the late Marquis Komura and the late Ambassador Saito, and Mr. Kawai. Mr. Suma belongs to the former category and if his performance to date is any criterion he will, before his time is up, be at the top of the headline-making group as far as getting news regarding Japan into the columns of the press of the world.

Aside from his generosity in furnishing them with news, Mr. Suma is respected and well liked by the foreign-press corps. He is, by nature, an advocate of friendship and he has a strong sense of justice. No greater error could be committed than was made by Mr. Hallett Abend of the New York *Times,* who in a recent issue of the *Saturday Evening Post* accused Mr. Suma of starting the wave of anti-Americanism in the Japanese press. In refutation of this it need merely be said that no one expressed greater satisfaction than he when a decided turn for the better in American-Japanese relations was reported late last year as a result of the Nomura-Grew conversations.

One thing, however, about which few persons will take issue with Mr. Abend, is his statement in the same article that Mr. Suma has a wonderful knowledge of Chinese politics and intrigue and that he is a connoisseur whose ruling on the authenticity of Chinese porcelain is final.

Mr. Suma is that rare find among diplomats, an expert on China as well as on the United States. As such he is extremely valuable to Japan. Like the late Ambassador Saito he is able to talk with Americans in their baseball lingo, if need be, while on the other hand, he is fully qualified to discuss inner Chinese politics and intrigue with such men as Major General Doihara, the Lawrence of Manchuria and Major General Ban-

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zai, who is an expert on Manchukuo.

Mr. Suma was born in Akita prefecture in the far north of Japan in September 1892. He graduated from the law department of Chuo University in Tokyo and studied later at the Tokyo Imperial University. Shortly after entering the foreign service he was sent to Berlin as secretary of embassy.

In 1930 he was appointed consul at Canton and his rise since that time has been rapid. In fact it has been so phenomenal in late years that last year he climbed two rungs of the ladder of promotion in one stride. From 1933 to 1937 he served as consul general at Nanking, from which post he was promoted to counsellor of embassy at Washington. Last year he was appointed counsellor of embassy in Manchukuo but before he could reach his destination he was given a higher assignment, the spokesmanship of the Foreign Office. Thus he has the rare distinction of having been promoted to one post before having had time to serve in the previous one.

Besides, he is an athlete of long standing. Both in summer and winter, every morning he rises at 5:30 o'clock, takes a cold shower and offers a prayer before a miniature Shinto shrine erected in his home. Then, to keep himself fit, he steps out to his garden in a fencing uniform and swings a heavy halbert, which weighs fifty pounds, through the usual paces (see drawing). He was taught this form of martial art from his grandfather, who once was a halbert instructor of a lord. Following his daily exercise, he reads the newspapers, both Japanese and English-language, and then has a light breakfast. At 8:30 o'clock he leaves home for the Foreign Office. Another favorite exercise of Mr. Suma is baseball, a sport which he has played consistently since his primary-school days. On Sundays, he plays ball with his two sons. When an inquisitive reporter once asked him whether he liked golf, he remarked pungently, "I am still young enough to play baseball." He is also a well-known authority on Chinese porcelain and stone Buddha images. At his home he has a number of stone Buddha images which are as good as any found in Japan's museums.

'NEUTRAL' WAR LORD

By MARGARET L. SUTHERLAND

IT IS a curious fact in a curious war that the statesmen of Europe are better known than the generals. In the present "War of the Neutrals" the real strategists are the ministers of foreign affairs. Prominent among these—for his unenviable position at the present time—is Sweden's new Foreign Minister, Christian Ernst Günther.

Like a cross-country runner, Günther admirably surmounts one obstacle only to find a more formidable one looming up ahead. Key-man in Premier Per Albin Hansson's coalition Cabinet, and pledged to protect Swe-

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den's strict neutrality, Günther is trying to keep to the middle way. Even if he can avoid the perils and pitfalls on each side of him, the road itself may be heavily mined.

On one side are the Allies, determined at all costs to plug Scandinavian ports to prevent shipment of iron ore and other materials to Germany. On the other is Germany, threatening to use force if Sweden (and now Norway) agrees to a technical violation of what Germany considers her "neutrality." Across the Baltic, Russia menaces Sweden with new fortifications in Finland, Estonia and Latvia, and Sweden has cause to believe she will not stand idly by, if Germany moves against her. Recently, too, Russia vetoed the abortive Swedish-Finnish-Norwegian defence pact as an unfriendly violation of her treaty with Finland. Added to that is the recurrent fear in Sweden that, with the deadlock on the Western front, the belligerents are looking for new battlefields.

On December 12, two weeks after the Russian invasion of Finland, Christian Günther was hurriedly recalled from his post as minister to Norway, to replace Foreign Minister Richard Sandler. Sandler, dubbed the "Anthony Eden" of Sweden, resigned his office under fire of the German and Russian press for advocating a more aggressive policy on the part of Sweden in the war. Günther, a man without party affiliations, got a difficult assignment. Sweden's heart ruled her head. Public feeling was increasing in favor of outright armed assistance to Finland. In solemn ceremonies before pacifist King Gustaf V and the Riksdag, the new Cabinet promised to "direct its efforts to maintaining the independence and neutrality of Sweden." And so Sweden became officially neutral.

"It has been stated," said Günther to the Riksdag after the shocking Russian peace terms became known, "that the reason the Swedish Government was opposed to direct Swedish intervention in Finland was that Germany would attack in Finland and perhaps in Sweden. The Swedish Government was fully convinced that the appearance of Allied troops in Sweden must bring with it the transfer of the war to Sweden. Sweden would have been dragged into the war. Germany would not have looked on while Allied troops cut off the iron supply and prepared an offensive against Germany." [This address was made before the German occupation of Norway and Denmark.]

History will show, in the light of events to come, the grave mistakes that have been made by nations in this war. Was it Munich or Poland? Was it Finland? Considering the terrible alternatives, who can say? The perspective is too short for contemporary observers. Sweden, having weathered the crisis of the Finnish-Russian conflict with a "peace-at-any-price" policy, is face to face with another tragic dilemma. From gloomy Stockholm, Sweden announces that she will resist with every means at her disposal any and all attempts to "smoke her out" of her stand on

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neutrality. Foreign Minister Günther, who made no pretense of cheerfulness or optimism when the Finnish-Russian treaty was signed, spoke truly when he said, "The peace does not in any sense mean that the danger has passed. . . . Our own position has become worse than before the conflict."

SERIOUS, dignified Christian Ernst Günther, the son of a Swedish diplomat, was born fifty-three years ago in Stockholm. He was graduated from the University of Lund and later took his degree in law. Since 1916, Günther has been in the service of the government. He is better known abroad for his career in the diplomatic service (before his appointment to Norway, he served several years as minister to the Argentine, and was also accredited to Chile, Uruguay and Paraguay); in terms of years, however, his diplomatic service was incidental to his governmental duties, and he has had a varied and distinguished career in the Swedish Government.

If Günther can placate the nations that are jeopardizing Sweden's neutrality and independence, while they talk so high-mindedly about it, it will be no mean feat. Sweden has been at peace for 125 years, content to remain apart from "the violent national jealousies of the continent." Swedish statesmen for the past fifty years have concentrated their talents and energies on a great social experiment, the "middle way" familiar to all the world. Christian Günther, through his intensive training, is as well-equipped for the vital post he holds, as any man in a government primarily interested in collective security. Swedish statesmen have had only an academic training in the strategy and chicanery of modern wartime diplomacy. Shrewd and practical, Günther is undergoing his baptism by fire.

According to the Swedish *Who's Who,* Foreign Minister Günther began his governmental training during the last war, in the Food Control Administration. Two years later he was an officer in the Agriculture Administration. After the war he served as Secretary to the Customs and Treaty Commission, and soon after became head of the Treaty Bureau of the Department of Commerce. In 1924 Günther was private secretary to Prime Minister Hjalmar Branting. After Branting died in 1925, Günther began his long career in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. He served as Chief of the Department of Commerce and as Commercial Counselor in that Ministry. In 1934 he was recalled from his diplomatic post in South America to become Permanent Secretary to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, where he served until he went to Norway.

There is nothing about Günther's broad, square-chinned face suggestive of a poet except his penetrating eyes. Perhaps it is a trick of peering over his spectacles that marks him as a savant. He has written fiction, poetry, and plays. His first novel, published at the age of twenty-four, was called *Blandishments of the Devil.* A volume of poetry followed two years later. One of his plays *World of Adventures* was produced in Sweden in 1924. It is doubtful if the play, in spite of the title, was as full of drama, suspense, and tragedy as the life of the author in the past four months.

As Günther sits at his desk, mulling over the endless notes from the

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powers, the war-trade agreements, and the warnings, Sweden is arming. The "neutrality" government has appropriated $275,000,000 for the greatest defence program in the history of the country. Troops are being called up, anti-aircraft guns are being rushed into position, and plans are completed for evacuating the principal cities. Rush orders are going out for armaments, fighting planes, tanks and warships. Yet the tragedy—or the potential tragedy—of Sweden is that she will still be powerless against the great powers even if she is armed to the teeth.

DEAD MEN'S SHOES

By SAGITTARIUS

It resolves itself into a question of supply and demand. The unforeseen lull in the opening stages of the war has not created the anticipated demand. We have not had long lists of casualties leaving serious gaps in the commissioned ranks . . . hence discontent amongst officer reserves at home.—War Office Department Chief, cited in the *Daily Telegraph*, London.

When the gallant ex-officer craves a commission
And meets with a frigid official response,
It means that the war of blockade and attrition
Has no need of his gallantry just for the nonce.
The lag has a perfectly logical reason,
It is merely a case of demand and supplies—
The cannon refusing their fodder this season
The looked-for emergency does not arise.

The War on the West Front is one of those gambles,
With no one proposing the slightest advance,
But until the whole line is a bit of a shambles
There's not even standing-room "somewhere in France."
Every foot of the front is successfully guarded,
Inaction proceeds in a regular groove,
But the call to Reservists is *pro tem* retarded
Till someone shows symptoms of making a move.

So ex-heroes, debarred from the theater of action,
Mope far from the scenes where the battle should be
Where visiting War Lords express satisfaction
And bugles are blowing for ENSA and tea.
Their rush to the Colors is brusquely arrested
By the widespread release of the War Office sign—
Allied field of glory completely congested,
No vacancies left in the Maginot Line.

—*New Statesman and Nation*, London

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Newspapers in the Dominion are solving their many handicaps

Canada's Press Comes of Age

By WILLIAM F. SWINDLER

CANADA'S press is handling its second World War assignment within a generation much better than it did the first. In addition to sending numerous correspondents abroad to gather first-hand news, papers throughout the country are hiring extra men for their telegraph desks, subscribe to a great many more wire and syndicate services, and even buy and prominently display the syndicated columns of such neutral American writers as Walter Duranty, Webb Miller and Edgar Ansell Mowrer. It is safe to say the Dominion's news coverage of the present war is considerably more comprehensive and readable than the mother country's, and only slightly less objective than the United States'.

There are two explanations for this favorable condition of Dominion journalism. One is the good sense of the Government, which at the outset of hostilities published a fair and reasonable set of censorship rules, and appointed an experienced newspaper man, Mr. Walter S. Thompson, to administer them. The sweeping Government victory in the March elections indicates that this wise policy toward the press will be continued throughout the war.

The prohibitions of Censor Thompson include the following:

1. News of movements of armed forces.
2. News regarding the transporting and storing of war materials.
3. News of action by Canadian police forces against certain German nationals in Canada. Stories of a general nature, dealing with the number of Germans interned and the disposition of their property, are permissible.
4. News of departure or arrival of ships.
5. News of plans of fortification or defence of any part of the nation.
6. News in any way "prejudicial to recruiting, training, or

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disciplining" armed forces.

7. News in any way useful to the enemy, such as photographs or "background" or "explanatory" stories.

The only danger to the press in these rules, as Canadian editors see it, lies in overzealous enforcement. So far no serious difference of interpretation of the rules has arisen between censor and press. The one or two violations have been treated with leniency and the papers have responded with greater efforts at cooperation.

The second explanation is even more important. It is that the newspapers themselves in this war are on their feet economically. They can afford the new financial loads of extra correspondence, higher cable rates, larger office staffs. In the first war they could ill afford any of these burdens, and a heavy-handed Government with a strong gag law lurked always in the background. In 1914 there wasn't a press service in the country which could carry the cost of complete war coverage. There were but a handful of newspapers which could afford correspondents of their own.

The war burdens of 1914 brought Canada's press to the brink of economic ruin. Today, even though scarcely emerged from the depression of the thirties, the press is strong and effective. The papers took the war of 1939 in their stride, and now even outbid each other for exclusive European dispatches. Better late than never, Canadian journalism has come of age.

It has been delayed by certain factors which have been particularly important in Canada. Geography and economics have been two of these factors. The Dominion has a land area somewhat larger and a population twelve times smaller than that of the continental United States. The press has had the job of supplying news to the papers scattered through these 3,500,000 square miles of country, part of it under the Arctic Circle, another part cut off from the mainland, and still another lying over the highest part of the Rocky Mountains.

Added to all this is the final fact that in the metropolitan areas—Ontario and Quebec provinces—which are the most prosperous newspaper markets in the country, the press must be divided between French- and English-language groups with conflicting religious, racial and political interests.

SMALL wonder, then, that newspaper progress has been so slow and hard-won. The real upward climb of the Dominion press has been since 1921. Between that year and 1938, total daily circulation more than doubled. But in the same period the number of dailies dropped from 121 to 112. The high expense of transmitting news and the small circulations in all but the largest cities make the business a constant gamble. Only five newspapers in Canada have more than 100,000 circulation, and these are all in Montreal and Toronto. In the rest of Canada only three dailies have over 50,000.

Proximity to the United States has been one more handicap to Canadian journalism. For years the greatest amount of news from abroad reached Dominion papers through Buffalo, N. Y., by Associated Press. Canadian editors and readers were naturally irritated on frequent occasions at the

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foreign interpretations put on Empire news that came to them through this channel, but financial burdens absolutely prohibited any independent newsgathering effort except by a few papers. What domestic news distribution there was in the nineteenth century and the early part of this century came from the Canadian telegraph companies. The Canadian Pacific Railway and the Great Northern Telegraph Company offered a general news service to western journals as part of their campaign to build up the unsettled prairie country. Not until 1907 was a Western Associated Press organized by the newspapers themselves, largely to combat the Canadian Pacific Railway. In 1910 an Eastern Press Association was created. Through court action these new agencies were able to force the railroads and telegraph companies to abolish their news services, and in 1911 the eastern and western organizations incorporated into the Canadian Press, which services all the dailies in the country.

Today Canadian Press enjoys exchange facilities with the American Associated Press, Reuters of Great Britain and Havas of France. However, only a government subsidy from 1917 to 1924 kept it going, until it was able to pay its own way. The British United Press, a branch of the American agency of that name, also operates in the country.

The struggle of this press association has been characteristic of the struggle of Canadian journalism generally. One or two newspapers earlier struck out of their own accord to gather news from abroad through staff correspondents and present it to their readers from the Canadian point of view. The Montreal *Star,* founded by Lord Atholstane (Hugh Graham) in 1869, led the way by dispatching staff members to Scotland and Ireland to gather and send back stories of the mother country for homesick emigrés. The *Star* today is still famed for its foreign correspondence, and maintains full-time staff members in Washington and London as well as strategic news centers of the Empire. Among others maintaining staff men abroad are *La Presse,* leading French-language daily of Montreal, and the Winnipeg *Free Press.* Even such small papers as the St. Thomas *Times-Journal* and the Stratford *Beacon-Herald,* both of Ontario, have in recent years been able to employ a special correspondent in Washington. While the way has been hard, the established newspapers by these signs are showing that they, like their press association, have found solid footing.

No attempt to start a daily paper was made in Canada until 1836, and that paper, the Toronto *Royal Standard,* lasted but three months. Not until 1850 was the country far enough advanced to support a daily permanently. Even weekies and monthlies were few until the nineteenth century, and none had a circulation greater than 400 until 1840. Under French control the territory had few printing presses, the Catholic authorities fearing them as fomenters of disobedience and unrest. Only with reluctance did the Nova Scotia government permit Bartholomew Green, of the famous Boston family of printers, to set up the Halifax *Gazette* in 1762. Twelve years and the French and Indian War passed before the next paper, *La Gazette de Québec,* was founded

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by two printers from Philadelphia. These two men, William Brown and Thomas Gilmore, printed their paper in both French and English, to appeal to the masses speaking the former language and the new commercial groups speaking the latter. Fourteen years more elapsed before Montreal had its paper, the *Gazette,* which survives today as the Dominion's closest counterpart of the London *Times.*

MONTREAL and Toronto are the great newspaper strongholds of the country. In Montreal, largest city in Canada, French and English languages and interests are rather equally balanced and Catholic and Protestant faiths strongly rival each other. The largest paper in the city is *La Presse,* independent progressive evening publication. Its daily circulation is over 150,000 and its weekly edition over 175,000. *La Presse* was founded in the 'eighties during the period of rapid newspaper building which followed Canada's reorganizing into a Dominion. The paper offers a well-rounded supply of news, interpreted from the French-Canadian point of view.

More cosmopolitan than this French journal is the *Star,* the first newspaper in the country to bridge the gap between the divergent racial interests. The *Star* made it a policy to play down the political and religious differences that divided French and English, played up the public questions on which they agreed, and welded them together with a plentiful supply of news of the Empire of which they were both a part. As a result the *Star* has long been respected by both groups.

Le Devoir of Montreal and *L'Action Catholique* of Quebec are two independent newspapers which exert powerful influence over conservative French thought in Lower Canada. Henri Bourassa, nationalist and advocate of racial co-operation, established *Le Devoir* in 1910. A French-language liberal organ is *Le Canada,* a morning paper. The *Herald,* one of the province's oldest papers, before the first World War led the way in presentation of informative and entertaining articles, but today is the smallest of the English-language dailies in the city.

The Montreal *Gazette,* venerable and conservative, retains a prestige that helps it to hold its own with the much larger *Star* and *La Presse.* It specializes in foreign news, illustrative articles on foreign affairs, and literary reviews written by experts.

But the biggest English-language newspapers are in Toronto. The *Star,* the *Globe and Mail,* and the *Telegram* all are larger in circulation than any paper in Montreal except *La Presse.* The *Star* leads with 227,000 readers. It has been a fighting liberal paper in the very heart of conservative territory. Under the management of Joseph E. Atkinson it made its climb from last to first place among Toronto journals within forty years. Atkinson fought for public ownership in a citadel of private capital, for prohibition in a city where temperance was never highly popular, for inheritance taxation and social security and freedom of speech for minorities in a hotbed of semi-fascism. The excellent public services now provided in Toronto are largely the result of this constant agitation by the *Star.*

The *Globe and Mail* today styles

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itself as an independent newspaper. It grew from a combination in 1936 of the old *Globe,* founded by George Brown in 1844, as a liberal organ to take the place of reform and anti-Government papers which had been destroyed after the Rebellion of 1837, and the *Mail and Empire,* which since 1895 had been one of the leading Conservative voices of Ontario. A first-class news service always distinguished both of the original papers, and scholarly editing still makes the *Globe and Mail* pleasant reading.

The *Telegram,* founded by the philanthropist John Ross Robertson, is also independent. *Le Droit* of Ottawa is the only French daily in the province.

In the prairie region the Winnipeg *Free Press* is the largest newspaper, almost twice the size of the *Evening Tribune,* its only rival. Journalism in western Canada was not successful until the 'seventies, because of the few settlements and because the country was terrorized by long and bloody struggles between the French-Canadian element entrenched in the Red River country and the British authorities seeking to bring them into the Dominion. In 1859 William Bucking and William Caldwell of Toronto came west, imported printing presses from St. Paul, Minn., and set up a paper, the *Nor'Wester,* a four-page weekly. It lasted eleven years. In 1869 a half-breed Louis Riel, instigated a rebellion at Fort Garry (Winnipeg) and drove out the governors sent by the Dominion. A propaganda organ, the *New Nation,* was established to further his cause, but lasted only eight months.

After Riel was forced to flee and order was restored, conditions became stable enough for a daily newspaper. The *Free Press* appeared as a weekly in 1872 and began daily circulation two years later. Its circulation today is but 61,000, but the weekly edition of the *Free Press Prairie Farmer* runs to 230,000 copies, and properly claims to be the fastest-growing publication of its kind in Canada. Independent in politics and reaching almost every farm family in four western provinces, the *Free Press* and its auxiliary publication is the most powerful journalistic force in Central Canada.

The largest and oldest daily in Saskatchewan province is the liberal *Leader-Post* of Regina, founded in 1883. The majority of the papers of the prairie and Rocky Mountain regions incline to liberalism in their politics. They have also developed co-operation to a high degree, since the formation of the Canadian Press Association in 1859 as a fraternal semi-professional body. Later it became a clearing house for information on advertising standards, co-operative buying of equipment, and negotiation with mechanical unions. This Association has since dissolved into three bodies serving daily, weekly, and monthly magazine publications respectively, all of them now national in scope.

In the Rocky Mountains, newspapers did not arrive until the 'eighties. Alex Taylor founded the Edmonton *Bulletin* in 1880 as the first paper of Alberta, and in Calgary the *Herald* was started in the same year. However, on the Pacific Coast, journalism came with the gold rush in the mid-nineteenth century that began the settlement of Vancouver Island. The oldest paper there, the Victoria

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Colonist, dates from 1858. It is perhaps the leading conservative voice of the Dominion's west coast, and was first edited by the Hon. Amon de Cosmos (John Smith) and later by the Hon. John Robson, one of the early premiers of British Columbia. The *Colonist's* ablest adversary is the Vancouver *Sun,* powerful liberal paper founded in 1886 and reorganized into a successful morning daily in 1917 by Robert J. Cromie. The *Daily Province* of Vancouver is the largest paper on the Pacific Coast. It is independent. There are also two Chinese and two Japanese dailies here.

Newspapermen in Canada are for the most part better educated but more poorly paid than their colleagues in the United States. A university education is generally required of reporters on metropolitan publications but, again, the factor of great distances between papers works to keep wages down. The Dominion branches of the American Newspaper Guild, however, have begun to force moderate increases on the papers in the more highly competitive districts of eastern Canada. Reporters start at about $25 a week and may in time rise to $50 or $60, if they work on a large paper in Toronto or Montreal. Wages in Winnipeg and Vancouver are 15 to 20 per cent lower.

Everything indicates that Canada's newspapers are fairly embarked upon a period of stability and prosperity, and the present war is their first big test. They come to the test tempered by something over a century of hardship and instructive experience. If Canada produces no correspondents to rival Duranty and Mowrer and Pertinax, or if it boasts no great individual newspapers to rank with the Manchester *Guardian* or *La Prensa* of Buenos Aires, at least it can feel satisfaction that its press is serving Canada itself very well.

FRUSTRATION

By ARTHUR HARVEY

Only the nettles in the grass he sees,
The rotting fruit and rust upon the wheat,
He dreads the lips that smile, the eyes that please.

His days are broken by the tramp of feet,
The blood-wild rhythm of the coarse and strong
Who flatter lusts his pale flesh dare not greet.

He fears to walk among the strident throng
Who have no doubts behind the empty laugh,
And yet he longs to sing their hollow song.

If he could smite them with his pilgrim staff
And make their walls of pity burst to streams
He'd love again and fear no aftermath;

But, fearful of the flesh, all beauty seems
A lava pit to burn his searing dreams.

—*The Listener,* London

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Change in Soviet foreign policy seen in transfer of Potemkin

Stalin Dispenses With the West

From the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, Zurich German-Language Daily

The signs increase that Josef Stalin is rapidly divesting himself of all advisers with experience in the chancelleries of Europe and, when seeking counsel at all, applies to men of his own Asiastic turn of thought. The disappearance of Vladimir Potemkin from the Commissariat of Foreign Affairs is a case in point, in the view of the Neue Zürcher Zeitung, *unquestionably the best-informed German-language newspaper in Europe today.*—The Editors.

A FEW weeks ago a Moscow dispatch stated that Vladimir Potemkin had resigned his post of Vice Commissar of Foreign Affairs. To be correct, he was transferred to the Commissariat of Education of which he is now acting-head. Under other conditions, this appointment would be considered a promotion. Russia has always looked upon domestic affairs as more important than foreign policy. Since the Leninist days of Lunacharski, the Commissariat of Education has been considered a cornerstone of the Soviet system and cannot be compared with the Commissariat of Postal Affairs, for example, to which party leaders after falling into disfavor (as Rykov and Yezhov) were transferred by Stalin before they were executed. Furthermore, it seems that Potemkin, a former high-school teacher, is slated for this new office because of the present dearth of intellectuals among the Bolshevist leadership. Three months ago *Izvestia* published an article pointing to the unsatisfactory state of the school system in the U.S.S.R. This complained of the lack of discipline, the meager knowledge of students, particularly of the Russian language and of mathematics; the article also criticized the hostility between teachers and the *Comsomol* (youth) organizations. Perhaps one result of this criticism was the current proposal to establish one commissariat of education for all the Soviet republics. If that vast adminis-

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trative change is made, Potemkin's transfer appears to have some logic.

Nevertheless, his resignation from the Commissariat of Foreign Affairs, although it may not be as dramatic and far-reaching as the "resignation" of Litvinov a year ago, has caused great surprise and given rise again to speculations over Stalin's foreign policies in the near future. The real cause of Potemkin's transfer must remain a surmise, because scarcely anybody can correctly recount the political opinions of Molotov's former aide. But it may be recalled that Potemkin, now sixty-four, was promoted from consul general at Constantinople to minister at Athens, and later to ambassador in Rome and, in 1934, to ambassador at Paris; and that he had been singled out repeatedly in recent years, before the dismissal of Litvinov, as his probable successor, since among other favorable considerations he was opposed to the League of Nations. The fact that Potemkin, who in 1937 was recalled from Paris and assigned to keep an eye on Litvinov, remained in office after the dismissal of his superior and actually administered the foreign policy of the Kremlin until Molotov became sufficiently acquainted with that commissariat, strengthened the general impression that he agreed with Stalin's growing hostility to the Western Powers and that he approved the present pro-German policy.

CONSIDERABLE differences of opinion between Stalin and Molotov have come to the surface in recent days. The Commissariat of Foreign Affairs has now only two experienced officials, Losovsky, its one-time acting-chief, and Dokanesov, a much lesser expert. Even though Potemkin may be especially competent as the successor of Peter Turkin in the Commissariat of Education, Stalin and Molotov would not have decided to dispense with this experienced diplomat in these difficult times arising from the war with Finland if Potemkin's attitude had been in harmony with that of the Kremlin. That does not appear to be the case. British newspapers, however, have expressed the opinion that Potemkin lost Stalin's favor because he was unable to prevent Turkey's orientation toward the Allies and the cooling of Bulgaria's sympathies toward Soviet Russia. Yet it is improbable that Potemkin was held responsible for these fluctuations in international politics. More valid is the surmise that the Vice Commissar of Foreign Affairs refused to approve the Finnish policy of the Kremlin. Potemkin is even represented in circles close to the Comintern as the man who, by his obduracy during the negotiations last summer with Britain and France over guarantees for the Baltic countries, was mainly responsible for the failure to reach a mutual-security pact. At the same time, Potemkin is still a member of the old Russian intelligentsia, a man who passed through the diplomatic schools of Europe, and could not reconcile his conscience with the attack on Finland. The report that he advised a compromise with the Helsinki Government, and therefore lost Stalin's favor, seems credible.

It will be difficult for the Soviet Government to find a successor to Potemkin in the Foreign Commissariat. The few remaining older diplomats, such as Leon Maisky and Jacob Suritz [the latter recently re-

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called at the request of France] can hardly be spared in London and Paris as long as a fictive peace is still maintained with the Western Powers. The appointment of the young Shkartsev to Berlin shows that Russia has not developed a new supply of trained diplomats. That being true, the ineptitude, insolence and self-delusion which lately have driven Communist foreign policy to perilous lengths, must increase. Although Stalin's word was final and Litvinov's and Potemkin's tasks were simply to translate it into diplomatic action, they nevertheless represented the moderating element by which the rudimental policy of the "father of all peoples" was occasionally Europeanized. Potemkin's "resignation" from the Commissariat of Foreign Affairs may have the fatal significance that the Asiatic spirit of Stalin alone henceforth will determine Russia's foreign policy.

Questions from the Skies

Amsterdam.—Dutch civilians recently siezed upon samples of the propaganda leaflets dropped by Royal Air Force pilots whose "bombs" had been blown over the Netherlands' frontier. Sample questions in these pamphlets, which were destined for industrial workers in the Rhineland, are as follows:

"Why has Field Marshal Göring been granted additional powers to spend the savings of the German people?

"What is the significance of reports that salaries are to be paid in bonds instead of money?

"Why is the German worker made to pay instalments on his 'People's Auto' when it is obvious that these machines cannot be delivered at least for the duration of war?

"Why does Dr. Walther Funk [Reichsbank president] continue to repeat that there will be no inflation in Germany when he knows the opposite to be the truth?

"Why has the Reich associated itself with a nation which forever dreams of social revolution and attendant misery?"

The pamphlets bear the swastika emblem of the National Socialist party.

—*Paris Soir*

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Twenty-five Years Ago

World events as interpreted by The Living Age, May 1915

Editor's Note: Readers of Twenty-five Years Ago *as it has appeared in our past several issues may have been struck by the absence of any foreign sources other than the English. Nothing was published of the German version of the War, though there was certainly more sympathy for Germany in America in 1915 than there is today. But neither was there anything from the French, and the rest of Europe, the Near East, Asia and South America apparently did not exist. We do not believe this is because our colleagues of twenty-five years ago were less acute—or less industrious—than we are today when* The Living Age *feels it necessary to cover the press of all the continents in fifteen languages, among other sources, in order to bring a sampling of world opinion to its readers. We think it is, rather, an indication of the change in our readers themselves, their interest in and their knowledge of affairs outside their own country. Our participation in the First World War undoubtedly had something to do with this; to a greater extent it is probably due to the tremendous increase of communication among all countries. The radio, of course, is a new medium to remove distance; air mail is another. The volume of cabled reports is many times what it was at the beginning of the past war. And, because of the new speed and cheapness of postwar travel, hundreds of thousands of Americans of all classes have themselves seen something of the rest of the world at first hand.*

AN Englishwoman, accompanied by her husband and a vicar of the Church of England, had gone to Brussels to organize a hospital but was captured by the Germans instead. Some of the Germans were very rude to her and threatened to shoot her within twenty-four hours if she turned out to be a spy; she was very uncomfortable for several days until she was finally escorted to the Dutch border. Pretty tame stuff in these days of concentration camps but it made a good atrocity story then. . . . Dugald Macfadyen in the London *Quarterly Review* described the changes he saw in America in revisiting it after fifteen years. "America is nearer maturity than then seemed possible." The opening of the subways had relieved the congestion in New York streets. "Quite ordinary hotels in places like Worcester and Northfield provide a separate bathroom with every bedroom. Food is varied and wholesome, and the American people are more awake than they once seemed to be to the existence of other interests in life than the almighty dollar. Taste in buildings, pictures and music has improved almost beyond belief." "The restless American intellect is constantly employed in questioning the axioms and postulates of American national life.

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At the moment one of the axioms which is being torn to shreds is the Monroe Doctrine," its "beautiful simplicity" having been "sadly tarnished in these days of the War." America's pride in being a refuge for all oppressed Europeans had "gone with the snows of yesteryear," and "the new America will be as hard to enter as the Carlton Club." . . . James Davenport Whelpley discussed in the *Fortnightly Review* the danger to the Allies that America might put an embargo on the shipment of munitions to any of the belligerents. He considered it likely only if England should commit some act "in the exercise of her power over the seas which would be considered an indefensible outrage upon neutral rights." He listed as the forces in favor of such an embargo, "the strong German element, the Hebrew banking interests, the 'peace at any price' advocates, a large part of the power of the Church, and a notable element in the American public which is, in fact, neutral, comprising those who look upon this war as a selfish quarrel among the European Powers, all equally to blame as to its origin, and all equally guilty as regards the world-wide slaughter of human beings, the destruction of non-combatant property, and the saddling of the people of this and future generations with a staggering load of debt and taxes." Incidentally, "That the year 1915 will see the close of the war is assumed everywhere in America." . . . According to C. Sheridan Jones in the *New Witness,* the British Government's announcement that women were to be mobilized for war work had brought the "amazing pronouncement" from a suffragette "that women, not men, should act as shop assistants and waiters." Among the dire results predicted from such a course were "the emergence of a new and curious type of female monstrosity called 'the flapper' " and "the general loosening of morals and the general cheapening of women." However, it was not considered that mobilization of women for war work was a serious proposal but the "latest spectacular attempt of the Government to impress on the people the immensity of the struggle in which we are engaged." . . . America was reported, in the *New Statesman,* to be going on the "water wagon" at "an astonishing pace," though Bryan had recently declared against introducing a prohibition plank into the Democratic platform of 1916. "National prohibition is becoming a live political issue and within a decade or two the total stoppage of the manufacture and sale of liquor may be undertaken as a Federal measure throughout the Republic." It was offered in evidence of this that "nobody can fail to remark that the American people are becoming abstemious in the matter of drink. In the hotel or club dining-room you are not asked what you will drink; the waiter, without remark, pours out a tumbler of ice-water and keeps it replenished. At dinner in a wealthy household it is a quite usual thing for no liquor to be served. You may find yourself, especially in a city of the Western States, one of a party of professional or commercial men at dinner, and the question of drink will not even be made the subject of a polite inquiry. The assumption is that you drink water." . . . In the *Contemporary Review* N. Jarintzoff gave *A Sketch of the Russian Soldier* which described him as "frank and simple-

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hearted, of a devoted and loving, often poetical nature, child-like in his beliefs and actions. He is taught to obey, and he has been brought up in the spirit of the saying: 'One can't die twice, but one must die once.'" . . . The following was the leading review in the department, *Books and Authors:* "In *Alma's Senior Year,* by Louise M. Breitenbach, the 'Hadley Hall Series' of stories of girls' boarding-school life reaches its fourth and presumably final volume. Alma Peabody and her friends—and enemies, for even among boarding-school girls there are active animosities—form a lively and varied group, and there is no lack of incident in the story. There is also a little flavor of incipient romance." *The Return of Tarzan* was also reviewed at some length and found "difficult to swallow without a grain of salt," but "the reader does swallow it and feels the wholesome brace that seems to accompany all tales of the open." . . . A review of *George Bernard Shaw, Harlequin or Patriot?* by John Palmer, concluded that it "goes to show the extent to which Bernard Shaw's flippancy in the midst of a great crisis has offended English sentiment." (Letters-to-the-editors in current English periodicals indicate that the British again find it hard to take G.B.S. in war time.) . . . By May 1915 English war poety was flourishing in *The Living Age,* most of it by Rupert Brooke and other disciples of A. E. Housman. AE and Thomas Hardy were also represented. A poem by the latter is republished below:

The Pity of It

By Thomas Hardy

I walked in loamy Wessex lanes afar
From rail-track and from highway, and I heard
In field and farmstead many an ancient word
Of local lineage like "Thu bist," "Er war,"

"Ich woll," "Er sholl," and by-talk similar,
Even as they speak who in this month's moon gird
At England's very loins, thereunto spurred
By gangs whose glory threats and slaughters are.

Then seemed a Heart crying: "Whosoever they be
At root and bottom of this, who flung this flame
Between kin folk kin tongued even as are we,

Sinister, ugly, lurid, be their fame:
May their familiars grow to shun their name,
And their breed perish everlastingly."

—*The Living Age,* May 1915

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The new head of Japan's régime in China is an enigma to all men

Wang Ching-wei: Puppet or Patriot?

By FRANK PHILLIPS

WHETHER Wang Ching-wei, installed as head of the new Japanese-sponsored Central Government of China, is a "traitor" or a "puppet" or a true "patriot," only time can prove.

Curiously, all available evidence points in all three directions. To the Occidental observer, the role of Wang Ching-wei appears traitorous on the surface, and there appears little doubt that today he is no more than a puppet of Tokyo. On the other hand, there is considerable evidence, particularly in Wang's public statements, that he is sincere in his efforts to stop the slaughter in China by coming to terms with Japan in an honorable peace.

The emergence of Wang's "All China" Government at Nanking on March 30 has stirred a hornet's nest in Far Eastern politics. Wang's adversaries in Chungking, the second provisional capital of Chiang Kai-shek, stigmatize Wang as a traitor; he has been expelled from the Kuomintang (Nationalist) party by Chungking, an order has been issued for his arrest, and assassins have been placed on his trail with the promise of a large reward for Wang's head. Nevertheless, Wang has many supporters, particularly the overseas Chinese, who do not question his patriotism and who deny that Wang is a Tokyo puppet—else, they ask, why did Japan find it so hard to conclude the so-called peace negotiations with him? Too, they point to the fact that Japan was unable easily to dictate to or coerce him.

Wang's exact status presents a complex problem to Westerners, unaccustomed as they are to oriental politics which, particularly in China, run dark and deep. This is especially true in the case of Wang Ching-wei himself, who has had a career alternately as revolutionary and reactionary. And, although Wang was a close associate of Dr. Sun Yat-sen even in the days before 1911, when the Manchu Empire was overthrown, and there was never any question that Sun desired Wang to succeed him, he is little known to

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the West. While Wang was the politician, the more famous Chiang Kai-shek — the soldier — was Wang's subordinate during the lifetime of Sun Yat-sen. When Chiang, through military might, assumed the overlordship of China, yanking Sun's mantle from the very shoulders of Wang, Wang never appeared to accept Chiang as his leader; certainly he never respected him, although there were sporadic periods when the two appeared to be working together for the salvation of China through the tenets of Sun Yat-sen.

These facts are pertinent to an understanding of what is happening and what may happen in China in the near future, for the reason that China today, more than ever before, is the pawn of empire between Japan and Russia: Wang, following the Japanese program of fighting communism, is determined to eliminate the Reds—a program which, up until the end of 1936, was being bloodily carried out by Chiang Kai-shek, who is now reported to have called upon the Kremlin for every means of support. The Wang-Chiang feud thus promises to boil down into either one of two things —either Chiang will capitulate or the Wang and Chiang governments will resort to civil war, the evil which has plagued China for the past twenty-odd years, for it is axiomatic that the Chinese hate one another more than they love China.

ALL OF this leads back to the question of Wang Ching-wei's true role — puppet or patriot? — on which China is divided. There is much evidence on both sides, and here the problem is presented briefly.

Although it is not generally realized in America, Wang Ching-wei first became interested in a Sino-Japanese peace move in the Autumn of 1937 when the German Ambassador, Dr. Oskar Trautmann, approached Chiang Kai-shek, on instructions from his Government in Berlin, advancing Japanese terms for cessation of hostilities that had begun in June of that year. Wang Ching-wei, as deputy leader of the Kuomintang and chairman of the Peoples' Political Council, accompanied the German envoy from Hankow to the capital at Nanking in the capacity of interpreter.

The terms submitted by Tokyo through the Nazi emissary included autonomy for Inner Mongolia; extension of the demilitarized zone in North China, the Central Government to maintain its authority in the whole of North China with the hope that it would curb anti-Japanese and other anti-foreign elements; extension of the demilitarized zone in Shanghai, with the administration of Greater Shanghai maintained by Nanking as heretofore; suppression of anti-Japanese and all anti-foreign questions; adoption by China of the Anti-Comintern Pact; revision of the customs tariff and maintenance of and respect for foreign interests in China by the Chinese Government.

Wang presented the terms submitted by Dr. Trautmann to Generalissimo Chiang, and his version of that conference, as reported in the *People's Tribune* of Shanghai was:

"The Generalissimo first asked General Tang Sheng-chih for his opinion, but General Tang did not reply at once. The Generalissimo then turned to General Pai Chung-hei who said: 'If these were the terms and nothing else, why should there be

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war?' The Generalissimo then turned to General Hsu Yung-chang, who remarked that if these were all, they would be acceptable. General Ku Chu-tung expressed the same view. Then the Generalissimo turned to General Tung Sheng-chih again, who agreed with the others.

"Summarizing the matter, the Generalissimo came to the decision that (1) German mediation should not be refused, saying that these terms would not result in the extinction of the nation and (2) that the Chinese authority in North China must be preserved.

"Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek received Dr. Trautmann that afternoon. I attended as interpreter. Dr. Trautmann said, 'Should China not accept now and continue the war, it is feared the terms may not be like the present.' The Generalissimo declared he dared not trust Japan; treaties had already been torn to pieces by Japan and words given not kept; but since Germany was a cordial friend to China, and since China was grateful for the good offices of Germany in taking up the mediation, China would take these terms as a basis for discussion. Two points, however, had to be pointed out to the German Government: first, that Germany had to be the mediator from beginning to end; and, second, that China's sovereignty and administrative power in North China must be permanently preserved. Within these limits, the terms would be taken as basis for discussion. Further, that Japan should not regard herself as victorious and present the terms as an ultimatum."

On the return trip to Hankow, Dr. Trautmann made it clear to Wang that things looked hopeful and that the terms were in no way to be construed as an ultimatum. But something happened, apparently overnight, and nothing whatever came of the peace proposals.

Nanking fell to the Japanese invaders, and the Government moved to Hankow which also fell, resulting in establishment of the present capital in Chungking. Wang Ching-wei continued to serve as a deputy leader of the Kuomintang and at the second plenary session of the People's Council, which opened at Chungking on October 28, 1938, Wang paid a tribute to the leadership of Generalissimo Chiang, expressing the thanks and gratitude of the entire Council for the fighters at the front. Wang mentioned the various friendly powers which had rendered help and assistance to China and hoped that they would continue their aid "in a common struggle for world peace." Wang clarified his peace stand concerning the possibility of negotiations for an honorable settlement of the Sino-Japanese conflict when he issued a statement replying to critics who seemingly had "misunderstood" statements Wang made in an interview with *Reuter's* news agency concerning peace: the overseas Chinese, said Wang, were inclined to regard hopes for the end of the war as symptomatic of "the lack of determination to resist to the bitter end." China, he said, was "fighting in order to resist aggression" but made no gesture of refusing peace—that is, an honorable peace as opposed to a dictated peace. Wang further emphasized that from China's standpoint there was no intention of "bending our knees" (surrendering).

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"Although the population is suffering greatly," Wang added, "China's determination is unrelenting and stiffening. Being forced to resort to arms, China does not close the door to mediation by any third party, but the success of such a mediation will depend largely on the Japanese peace proposals. If the terms are not such as to jeopardize China's existence and independence, they will be considered an acceptable basis for discussion, but otherwise there is no chance for negotiation. . . . The national spirit has been aroused for the common cause and the whole nation is ready to fight to the bitter end."—(Wang Ching-wei on October 12, 1938, in an interview with *Transocean.*)

THEN came the statement of Prince Fumimaru Konoye, Premier of Japan, on December 22, 1938, which set forth Japan's policy toward China and seemingly provided a basis upon which negotiations for peace might be honorably opened. There was no suggestion that a humble China should cringe on its knees for mercy but simply that a nation which had shown the world how gallantly it could defend itself under conditions of extraordinary difficulty, could and should express willingness to open negotiations for peace in response to what appeared to be an offer from Japan which would afford a basis for discussion. Wang, who had taken a course marked all along by frankness, urged that Prince Konoye's declaration be accepted by the Government as affording an opportunity to open peace negotiations without loss of prestige on the part of China. General Chiang Kai-shek, who the year before had refused the Trautmann proposals (owing, Wang was later convinced, to his habit of referring matters to Stalin), spurned the offer "with an angry refusal to discuss the matter." Wang left Chungking on December 28, 1939, and on December 29 telegraphed an appeal to Chiang and members of the Central Executive Council, repeating arguments he already had verbally made to Chiang, begging him not to allow another chance to pass of bringing hostilities to a conclusion. Wang's undisguised expressions of opinion, while still holding office, were regarded as the acts of a traitor, and a price was put upon his life. According to the magazine *Oriental Affairs* of Shanghai:

"In Shanghai, and probably also in Japan, less attention has been paid to Wang Ching-wei's intentions and policies, as revealed in the editorial columns and occasional signed articles in his newspaper, the *Chung Hua Jih Pao,* than they merit. A perusal of the pages of this daily suggests that there is a wide divergence between the views attributed to him by his political opponents and those which he actually holds. They certainly do not support the view that he contemplates heading a puppet government of a Japanese military protectorate. What, in his opinion, should constitute the relations between China and Japan when the Government headed by him is established, was defined in the *Chung Hua Jih Pao* of November 23, 1939. The editorial of that date suggested that the future relations between the Wang Ching-wei Government and Japan should be similar to the entente between France and Britain, where the leadership is Great Britain's

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but France is on a basis of full equality with the United Kingdom. As regards the mooted question of Japanese troops remaining on Chinese soil, attention is recalled to Wang Ching-wei's previous statement that Japanese troops might remain in Inner Mongolia and North China, as a preventative against communistic aggression.

"Summarized, Wang's position may be stated to be based upon Prince Konoye's Manifesto of December 22, 1938, which is frequently referred to as the 'Three Points': (1) no annexation of territory, (2) no indemnity, (3) equality of treatment.

"He insists that without equality of treatment there can be no peace with Japan—that a status of slavish submission cannot be recognized, and that his Government must enjoy full authority without dictation from the Japanese military or Japanese advisers. A significant change was noticed in the tenor of the *Chung Hua Jih Pao's* editorials after the frank speech of the American Ambassador in Tokyo, upon America's objections to the 'New Order in East Asia.' Since then all references to this 'Order' have been dropped, the proposel new régime being referred to as the *Tung Ya Hsin Ti Hsu,* and reversion being made to the earlier plan of the late Sun Yat-sen, as disclosed by him in the last speech he delivered in his life, at Kobe. In that speech Dr. Sun referred to the doctrine of 'Greater Asia' *(Ta Ya Hsi Ya)* as the policy in which China and Japan should cooperate. This is a change of serious import." It was recalled that when Wang Ching-wei recently called the Sixth Conference of the Kuomintang party, he set up the claim of being the orthodox exponent of the Three Principles of Sun Yat-sen. This claim could not be lightly brushed aside; for it is commonly known that Wang Ching-wei wrote Sun Yat-sen's will, as well as the pair of scrolls which define the orthodox principles of the Kuomintang. His claim to the succession to the leadership is based upon the fact that he served for many years as Sun Yat-sen's literary editor, and that, like Sun, he was not a military leader but a civilian. He maintains that his claims to leadership outweigh those of Chiang Kai-shek who throughout his association with the Kuomintang was a military man.

From further views voiced by Wang in the *Chung Hwa Jih Pao,* Far Eastern observers were convinced that Wang had no intention of becoming the puppet head of the Japanese military protectorate. This view was strengthened by Wang's demands for the return of, and complete control over, Nanking as the national capital and that he had made it conditional that his residence there as head of the new Government depended upon the withdrawal of the Japanese garrison, at the same time insisting that he did not intend to exercise the function of chief executive under the protection (or menace) of Japanese bayonets.

THE *People's Tribune* of Shanghai, in its October issue of last year, suddenly switched from support of the National Government in Chungking to support of Wang Ching-wei's peace movement. Concerning the abrupt switch, T'ang Leang-li, the editor, explained that it was a fundamental change, but argued that the answer was "simple":

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"We have become convinced that in that peace movement, rather than in continuing a policy of resistance, which has become futile and senseless—a make-believe policy of war that is not war, but slaughter and wholesale desertion and incendiarism—lies the true hope for the future of China and her long-suffering millions.

"For some time past, there must have been many whose faith, like our own, was weakening. We have, in fact, been reproached not once but many times on the grounds that all we gave our readers was Chungking propaganda served up in solid and indigestible chunks, that there was nothing new, interesting or original in our subject matter. Often we were accused, if not actually of telling lies, of suppressing the real truth.

"Of all this we ourselves were only too sadly aware, but so long as we remained a semi-official publication we were in the same position as Chow Fu-hai who has revealed how, as head of the Ministry of Publicity, a post he had had forced upon him, he had to 'boost for an ultimate victory while believing that continued resistance meant ruin.' He relates how, following the fall of Canton, he had to formulate a program of publicity in which he himself could not believe and no one else, either.

"What Chow Fu-hai knew we could only suspect. Like him, we felt in duty bound to obey the orders of our superior officers, and as long as the National Government at Chungking presented a united front and there seemed hopes of the better opinions within it prevailing over the worse, so that it could reorientate its policy without splitting its ranks, we subordinated our personal judgments to theirs. Only when that hope proved vain, did we begin to consider whether our duty to our country did not more truly lie in obeying the dictates of our own reason and our own conscience."

Another writer in the same magazine makes this observation:

"Wang Ching-wei has acted on the principle enunciated a century and a half ago by the great democrat, Benjamin Franklin—that there never was a good war or a bad peace. For more than two years the Chinese people have suffered tortures and endured agonies unprecedented in the history of the world. From Peiping to Canton, citizens of the Republic have been subjected since the summer of 1937 to every conceivable torment of mind and body. From fighting-men in the front line to infants in arms—from women working in the fields to fishermen in deep-sea junks—from young folk at college, with life just beginning to reveal its absorbing interests, to old people happily looking forward to peaceful declining days among their families—to all these, rich and poor alike, war has brought sorrow and suffering. The appalling record of slaughter and destruction is so ghastly that they must be considered the more fortunate who have not survived to see and share the frightful misery spread so far around them—and still spreading. Is he to be regarded as a traitor who sees a way out of so appalling a situation—a way which can be followed without China surrendering a single one of the points which really matter in regard to her continued existence as a sovereign state? Is he to be branded as a traitor who advocates a course of action which will enable the Republic of China to resume the work of national

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reconstruction started by Dr. Sun Yat-sen?"

That there were other ideas in China, however, was made plain when the Chinese Foreign Ministry at Chungking handed a note to foreign embassies and legations in the provisional capital in April 1 last, branding members of the Wang Government a "mere handful of Japanese flunkeys," and declaring that formation of the new régime in Nanking would in no degree weaken China's determination "to fight on until all invaders have been driven from the territory of China." The note continued:

"This 'Government' is nothing more or less than a puppet organization controlled by the Japanese militarists and created by them in an effort to usurp the sovereign rights of China, to destroy her independence and her administrative and territorial integrity.

"It need hardly be said that the individuals who comprise the new puppet organization are . . . moral degenerates who have lost all sense of honesty and patriotism. By aiding and abetting the Japanese aggression, they have placed their own destinies in peril, for they have been condemned by the Chinese Government and people as traitors of the worst type deserving the most stringent punishment provided by law."

General Chen Cheng, chief of the political department of the Chinese Military Council, has issued a circular branding Wang a traitor and declaring the destruction of Wang and his entire Government was a task of the Chinese people.

But Wang was receiving considerable support, particularly from the overseas Chinese — of whom about 6,000,000 live in the so-called South Seas areas and 98 per cent of whom are from Canton whence Wang comes —who were reported rallying to his cause. It was Chinese from the same region who financed Sun Yat-sen in the revolution that overthrew the Manchu empire in 1911.

Summarizing the Japanese viewpoint, Bunroku Yoshioka, chief of the Far Eastern section of the Tokyo *Nichi Nichi* and a resident of China for more than a decade, wrote this year:

"It is certainly tragic that Wang must carry on his work inspired by his patriotic spirit, and be denounced as a traitor for his pains. Wang's lack of military forces and any following of his own among the Chinese politicians is, at the same time, a source of strength in his effort to build the government of a new China, and it predicts his success in the movement. It is clear that Wang, who is supported by people anxious for peace, is a threat to the existence of the Chungking régime. It may be said that the internal collapse of the Chungking Government had already commenced when Wang withdrew from it more than a year ago."

One obvious conclusion to be drawn is that China conceivably must have to choose between a government whose strings are manipulated from Tokyo, or a government which is to every intent and purpose a branch office of Moscow. That there is no such thing as a "free China" today is certain, regardless of whether Wang or Chiang wins out.

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Germany's vital supply depends on various economic and political factors

The Story of Oil in Facts and Figures

From the *Economist*, London Financial Weekly

OF THE commodities which the Allies have placed on their contraband list none is more important than oil. Without it the Nazis' mechanized forces would be immobilized, their aircraft unable to leave the ground, their U-boats prevented from going about their nefarious business and their industrial machine brought to a standstill. In this life-and-death struggle petroleum products therefore have a crucial part to play. No little satisfaction may thus be derived from the knowledge that Germany is so dependent upon imported mineral-oil supplies. In 1938, the latest complete year for which the relevant data are available, the oil consumption of Germany, Austria and Czechoslovakia (excluding bunkers) amounted in round figures to 7,000,000 tons, of which about 5,000,000 tons were imported from abroad. Of these imports, moreover, about 80 per cent entered the country through the North Sea ports which are now closed in consequence of the Allied blockade. Though home production has been considerably expanded since 1938, the gap which must be bridged by imported supplies is still very large. It is proposed to ignore the question of stocks; their size is unknown, and if current supplies are cut off stocks can only postpone, and not avert, a shortage. It is unlikely that Germany's stocks exceed six months' supply at most.

The first point to be borne in mind is that, of the 5,000,000 tons imported for home consumption in 1938, 3,800,000 tons came from countries overseas and the remaining 1,500,000 tons from Rumania, Russia and Estonia. Transport from these latter countries can be inconvenienced but not—at present—disrupted by British naval power. Of the three, Rumania is by far the most important, and, under the agreement recently concluded between the two countries, Germany has been promised some 1,500,000 tons of oil from this source in 1940—plus certain un-

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specified amounts on account of previous arrears of shipments and against the supply of armaments. There is no need to expatiate upon the transport difficulties which the dispatch of such quantities of oil is likely to encounter now that the sea route—by which a large part of Germany's imports of Rumanian oil were formerly shipped—has been cut; it is enough to say that 1,500,000 tons is probably the maximum quantity of oil which the Nazis can hope to secure from this source during the current year. This, however, is a sizeable quantity—especially in view of the fact that it may consist largely of products in which Germany is particularly deficient—and the Allies will doubtless do all in their power to insure that it is not exceeded. It is in our interest that exports from Rumania to countries other than Germany should be maintained at the highest possible level; and it must be realized that an inordinate rise in Rumanian export prices may defeat this end by driving other buyers away.

Exports of oil from Russia to Germany fell from a peak of 517,000 tons in 1932 to no more than 81,000 tons in 1938; and the decline was continued during 1939. For years Russia's oil production has failed to keep pace with her growing consumption, and the export surplus had consequently dwindled to 1,200,000 tons last year. Since Russian production cannot be immediately increased, even with Nazi assistance, there is clearly a definite limit to the quantity of oil which Germany can obtain from this source. The difficulties are, moreover, intensified by the great distances involved and the inadequate transport facilities available. Though the more distant future must remain obscure, we may hazard the guess that the Germans will not secure more than, say, 300,000 tons of Russian oil this year, part of which will consist of much-needed lubricating oils. For the sake of completeness, brief mention may be made of Estonia, which, though an importer of mineral oil, has an expanding shale-oil industry of its own, partly financed with German capital. From this source Germany imported some 80,000 tons of oil last year and might possibly secure 100,000 tons this year. Though the Allies have no direct means of stopping these shipments, any more than they have of intercepting those from Russia, they could, if politically expedient, exert indirect pressure by controlling Estonia's imports.

We may conclude, therefore, that substantial quantities of oil will find their way into Germany from sources beyond direct reach of the Allies' contraband control. Imports from Rumania, Russia and Estonia many amount to as much as 2,000,000 tons this year, though in all probability they will fall short of that figure. How much more can the Germans produce at home? They may be able to produce more than 2,000,000 tons of light oils from coal and lignite this year, together with 1,200,000 tons of petroleum products from German, Austrian and Polish crudes. Adding half a million tons of benzol, alcohol and liquefied gases, which may perhaps be spared from other uses, we have a total domestic supply which may perhaps amount to 4,000,000 tons. If these estimates are realized in practice Germany will be assured of something like 5,500,000 to 6,000,000 tons of oil this year. It is more

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difficult to estimate Germany's war-time needs. The 1938 apparent consumption of 7,000,000 tons related to a territory smaller than the Nazis now control. On the other hand, it probably included some allocation to stocks—though since the figure of 7,000,000 tons is little more than half Great Britain's consumption, it is unlikely that this allocation was large.

The nature of the war is also relevant. So long as the "quiet war" continued, the increased consumption of the armed forces may be less than the economies enforced in private consumption. Many of the estimates that have appeared from time to time of consumption in a "full war" are greatly exaggerated. But it seems probable that, in an active war, Germany will be faced with a substantial deficit, especially in certain products—such as diesel oil and special lubricants—small quantities of which will acquire a correspondingly high value.

It is thus certain that the rulers of Germany will strain every nerve to secure the "marginal" quantities which are so vital to them through the neutral countries by which they are surrounded. In view of the fact that there was already a well-organized transit trade through certain of the neutrals (mainly Holland, Belgium and Italy) in peacetime—about 1,300,000 tons of oil reached Germany through Holland and Belgium alone in 1938—the Nazis' task may be facilitated—especially since large stocks were held in hand in connection with this trade. From the Allies' point of view the difficulties of stopping such leakages are intensified by the neutrals' fear of Germany and by the fact that the business is a profitable one. The task facing the Allies' contraband control is, in fact, considerably more difficult than it was in the last war.

IN THE last war there were only four countries—Holland, Switzerland, Denmark and Sweden—through which overseas supplies could reach the Central Powers. These four countries imported 645,000 tons of mineral oil in 1913, but the control which the Allies secured over the oil trade after the middle of 1917 resulted in these imports being cut to a mere 93,000 tons in 1918. At present, however, there are fourteen neutral countries (excluding Russia) through which oil might be indirectly imported into the Reich—Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Hungary, Jugoslavia, Burgaria, Greece, Denmark [now invaded], Sweden, Norway [now a battlefield], Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania; these countries imported more than 10,000,000 tons of oil in 1938.

The control of the neutrals' import trade was, moreover, facilitated in the last war by reason of their dependence upon the Allied powers for tanker tonnage and for coal supplies. Since the neutrals mentioned above now possess an aggregate of 3,410,000 gross tons of tankers (about 30 per cent of the world total), their dependence upon our goodwill is correspondingly reduced. Moreover, oil is now of such importance that the governments of these countries must be expected to resent any attempt to cut their supplies. Nor must it be forgotten that delicate political problems may arise—for example, if steps are taken to control Italy's imports or to prevent an

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American tanker from reaching a Mediterranean port.

Yet it is obvious that if they are to win the war Great Britain and France must avail themselves of their undoubted right to stop any shipments which they have reason to suppose will ultimately find their way into the enemy's hands. If, as in the last war, the co-operation of the neutral governments concerned can be secured, so much the better. But, even so, there would remain the problem of deciding what quantity of oil each country should be allowed to import in a given period. Superficially, the obvious solution would be to fix permissible imports on the basis of actual purchases in the pre-war period—and the year 1938 has been taken as a basis in several of the trade agreements recently concluded. In practice, however, for various reasons, the adoption of this criterion would leave appreciable quantities of oil available for re-export to Germany and for the bunkering of German ships.

Even if the imports of the countries concerned could be reduced so as to correspond with actual consumption in the pre-war period, there would still be a margin for re-export, since consumption has been curtailed by rationing schemes and higher prices in practically every European country since the war began. Additional quantities of oil could be saved by the importation of better qualities of petrol or lubricating oils, by bunkering abroad, and by such devices as the substitution of coal for fuel oil, of electricity for kerosene, of benzol for petrol and vegetable oils for mineral lubricants. In this connection it is relevant to point out that the continued progress of the Italian autarchy program (which was designed to make the country self-sufficient in motor fuel by 1940 or 1941) would free certain quantities, which might conceivably find their way through the Brenner Pass. Other countries have lately been fostering the use of such alternative motor fuels as alcohol or producer-gas, a policy which would obviously reduce their mineral oil consumption. Finally, it must be remembered that in countries which possess refining industries there will be a great temptation to adjust production—e.g., by importing the better qualities of crude oil—so as to provide additional quantities of the derivatives most urgently required in Germany. If the Nazis are to be deprived of the "marginal" oil which is so vital to them all these points must be borne in mind.

But while Germany is by no means so deficient in oil as some over-optimistic observers would have us believe, her supplies would clearly be woefully inadequate if she were effectively cut off from all overseas sources of supply. It is a task which must be successfully accomplished if ultimate victory is to be assured to the Allies.

Editor's Note: While the above data remains substantially correct, the reader will recall that, in late April, Rumania made certain "reserves" with respect to oil exports, possibly compensated for by German confiscation of gasoline stores in Denmark and Norway.

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This is "Travel America Year . . ."

West Indies, Mexico, Alaska and Hawaii

By MATHEW WALKER

WHILE WAR in Europe has cut off many of the favorite travel meccas of American voyagers, there still remain fascinating parts of the globe to be reached on United States flag vessels plowing neutral waters. Scores of economical cruises are being offered this Summer and Autumn by steamship lines sailing from ports on both the East and West coasts, and from the Gulf, and the American with wanderlust may make his choice of any number of trips, lasting anywhere from ten days to fifty, and taking in such diverse places as the Virgin Islands, in the West Indies, to Fiji and the South Seas from ports on the Pacific. And, too, there are the two United States territories of Alaska and Hawaii—the one a huge untamed land of towering peaks and Arctic glaciers, the other a languid speck of tropical sunshine and fiery volcanoes. A land of still further extremes, and accessible to Americans in every section of the nation, is Old Mexico, land of bull-fights and laughing señoritas. Truly, there is much to see in this "Travel America Year."

With the British islands of Bermuda, Nassau and others now in a virtual war zone, Americans this year have the opportunity to voyage to their own little-known possessions in the Caribbean—Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands, often with stop-overs at the Dominican Republic, which is predominantly old-world Spanish, and the Negro Republic of Haiti, which the fabulous ex-slave Henri Christophe wrested away from France at the end of the eighteenth century. The Dominican Republic on the east end of the island and the Republic of Haiti on the west, both occupy historic Hispaniola, the first land that Columbus sighted in the New World, on December 6, 1492. Directly to the east of Dominica is the American island of Puerto Rico, seized from Spain in 1898. A short distance away from Puerto Rico, and still to the eastward, are the Virgin Islands, America's furthest outpost toward Europe,

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which were purchased from Denmark in 1917 for $25,000,000.

Even today, the Virgin Islands—St. Thomas, St. Croix and St. John—are unspoiled by the usual tourist trappings, so that they are, as their name might imply, virgin territory for Americans seeking the unusual. Yet, by direct steamer they are only five days from New York, six days from New Orleans, fourteen days from California, and but eleven hours flying time on a weekly airline service. One of the reasons the Virgin Islands have been neglected by American travelers was due to the fact that until but a short time ago there were insufficient hotels to accommodate any considerable number of visitors, with the result that the average American, heading into the semi-tropical clime of the Caribbean, usually was forced to spend his time and money at the gaudy British resorts of Bermuda or Nassau, in the Bahamas group. But these last two islands are not generally recommended in this uncertain day. Meantime, the Government, in co-operation with several steamship lines and Federal spending agencies, has turned the Virgin Islands into an excellent tourist spot, and there the traveler may enjoy all the advantages of the more sophisticated vacationlands and yet at the same time experience the thrill of a travel "pioneer."

Denmark held the Virgin Islands from 1666 to 1917, and consequently there is a marked Danish influence on the islands to this day, with many historical landmarks of the early Danish occupation still preserved. The people are a curious mixture—native West Indians with Danish habits. The common language, however, is English. Both St. Thomas and St. John are particularly favored with many snow-white beaches, probably the finest to be found anywhere in the world. St. Thomas' harbor is a yachtsman's paradise, and the waters around the islands abound with such game fish as barracuda, kingfish, tuna, bonita, albacore and amberjack. Hire of fishing boats is reasonable. Other attractions are tennis and horse-back riding. The average cruise to the Virgin Islands is thirteen days, and the cost, including all expenses, is around $130 from New York. Seven-day cruises from Miami average $75. Federal taxes are $5.50 extra. No passports are required.

PUERTO RICO is a tourist paradise that for long has been neglected in the average cruise itinerary. It was discovered and named by Columbus in 1493, Ponce de Leon conquered it from Spain in 1509-11, and it remained in Spanish hands until it was seized by Major General Miles in the Spanish-American War, finally being ceded to the United States in the Treaty of Paris, December 10, 1898. Although Spanish is the popular language, the Insular Government fosters intensive instruction in English in the public schools, credited with being the most up-to-date and efficient school system in Latin America, and the University of Puerto Rico is of high ranking. Most of the island's leading citizens — granted American citizenship in 1917—are the proud descendants of the Spanish grandees, and have taken great care in keeping their Spanish blood pure; the lower classes, however, are a mixture of Spanish, Carib Indian and Negro. The American influence

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reaches every phase of Puerto Rican life. The capital at San Juan is reminiscent of Old Spain, while the tropical gardens and plazas of the city flame with vari-colored blossoms. Numerous divertissements on the island—which is ninety-five miles long from east to west, and thirty-five miles wide—include swimming in the Atlantic, on the north, or the Caribbean on the south, golf under blue tropic skies (the weather all-year-round is comparable to the northern United States in June, our most glorious month); sightseeing trips through pineapple fields, grapefruit groves, and tours to the forts which, in days of old when pirates roved the Spanish Main, were attacked by the buccaneers and fleets hostile to Spain. Many smart resorts give the night life a gay air.

Most popular cruises take twelve days from New York, so arranged that the traveler requires but one week away from the office. The actual ocean voyage is eight days at sea, most ships arriving at San Juan on the morning of the fifth day out of New York, with some ships taking the forty-five-mile trip to Santo Domingo (Trujillo City) on the evening of the first day in Puerto Rico, allowing one day in Hispaniola, the land of Columbus, and a chance to explore the oldest European city in the New World, where the tomb of Columbus is located as well as the house of Diego Columbus, son of the discoverer. That night the cruise ship returns to Puerto Rico to allow the traveler two more exciting days exploring San Juan and the island. The fare from New York is $120 minimum, with arrival in New York on the morning of the twelfth day. Trips ashore are inexpensive. Some lines offer twenty-three-day cruises on freighters, carrying no more than twelve passengers, for as little as $130, plus the usual $5.50 travelers' tax.

Other West Indies cruises of from seven to twenty days are offered from Galveston, Texas, to Miami, Port au Prince, Haiti, and Santiago, Cuba, for $130; and from Miami to Port au Prince, Santiago and Havana, a thirteen day voyage, for $130.

STILL another cruise with an old-world Spanish flavor is offered to Mexico, described as one of America's new favorite vacation-lands. Despite the fact that Mexico is America's next-door neighbor to the South, it is still unexplored territory in so far as the average American is concerned. While the new Pan-American highway is attracting visitors to the land below the Rio Grande, and trains and planes bring Mexico City within a few hours of most American cities, the most exciting are the leisurely cruises offered by ship and rail to Mexico City from ports on both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. One typical trip from New York requires seventeen days, at a minimum, including all expenses, of $160. On the morning of the fifth day out of New York the ship touches Havana, Cuba, allowing time for a day of sightseeing, and then proceeds overnight to Progreso, where the Maya ruins of Yucatan are within easy distance. Side trip to ruins is extra. The cruise ship then proceeds to Vera Cruz, Mexico's picturesque eastern seaport, and a Pullman trip is made overnight, allowing three days to explore Mexico City, one of the most surprising capitals in the

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Tour To Puerto Rico at a Glance

Puerto Rico, fourth largest of the greater Antilles, with the Atlantic Ocean on the north and the Caribbean Sea on the south, is five days' distance from New York. A possession of the United States, Puerto Rico was discovered and named by Columbus in 1493; Ponce de Leon conquered it for Spain in 1509, and the Island was seized in the Spanish-American War and ceded to the U. S. by the Treaty of Paris in 1898. The population of the Island (1935) is 1,312,496 whites, 411,038 colored; the people are a mixture of Spanish, Negro and Carib Indian. Spanish is the popular language. The climate is comparable to June in the northern U. S.

Fare. First-class round trip, $115 minimum; second class, $80.

Days at Sea. Four and a half.

Days in Port. Three on most lines, with an extra day in the Dominican Republic.

What to Wear. Summer clothes. A man's wardrobe should consist of tropical suits, sportswear, slacks, white shoes and rubber-soled shoes for shipboard; formal clothes are not necessary and it is best to travel with as little luggage as possible. Women's wardrobes should consist of summer frocks and one or two informal dinner dresses; sports clothes are acceptable at all times aboard ship except for dinner, and rubber-soled shoes are a prerequisite for shipboard. The seasoned woman traveler always takes as little baggage as possible.

What to See. Most tours present a carefully arranged program ashore for the first day, including an auto trip through the mountains, the residential districts, over the Spanish military road and through the grapefruit and orange groves, sugar cane, tobacco and coffee lands. On some cruises the ship sails from San Juan at sunset the first day to the Dominican Republic, where the traveler has a chance to spend a day exploring Trujillo City, the oldest European City in the new world. Motor tours there include the cathedral and tomb of Columbus on the shores of the Caribbean, at Castillo San Geronimo, and the house of Diego Columbus, son of the discoverer. There is ample opportunity for the tourist to surf-bathe, golf and explore the native markets in both Santo Domingo and Puerto Rico in the course of a popular all-expense cruise which requires a minimum of about twelve days, round trip from New York.

world with its dramatically beautiful surroundings, including the two famous volcanoes of Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl; its ancientness and its modernity existing side by side. For here is colonial Mexico, where the Spanish system reached its flower in the New World; it is the Mexico of Napoleon, and it is, at the same time, a vigorous and modern nation looking forward to its greatest era of growth and power.

One of the most amazing experiences offered to the American traveler is the chance to visit the pyramids and the temple of Quetzal-

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coatl at San Juan Teotihuacan, which were built by the mysterious Toltecs a great many centuries ago, and yet no one knows today who the Toltecs were and what the mighty ruins—in a marvelous state of preservation—signify.

There are Aztec ruins, also, near Mexico City, besides the Mayan ruins at Progreso. After three full days sightseeing in Mexico City (many tours provide for longer stopovers) the rail descent from Mexico City to Vera Cruz in a parlor-car seat is an unforgettable experience, as one travels from the Valley of Mexico 7,500 feet up, to the sea-level tropics of Vera Cruz, during the course of which trip there is every conceivable type of Mexican scenery—adobe villages; vast *maguey* plantations; waving fields of maize; innumerable tunnels and breath-taking bends past Mt. Orizaba, second highest peak on the continent; banana plantations; sugar fields; jungles of palms; forests of cactus. Aboard ship again, the voyage calls for a second stop at Havana and lands the traveler in New York the morning of the seventeenth day.

GOING to still another extreme, there is Alaska, a fabulous country of 586,400 square miles in the northwest tip of North America—a far cry, indeed, from the languorous West Indies and the palaces of Cortes and the imperial trappings of the ill-fated Maximillian and the mad Empress Carlotta of Old Mexico. For Alaska is an icy, mountainous land, bounded on the north by the Arctic ocean, on the west by the Arctic and Bering Sea, on the south by the iceberg-laden North Pacific and on the east by the frozen wastes of Canada. And from the southwestern corner, the Aleutian islands stretch westward for 1,200 miles to come within only fifty-four miles from the mainland of Asia.

Mountainous, with high plateaus, with Mt. McKinley (20,300 feet) the highest mountain on the North American continent, Alaska is a paradise for big game hunters, while its scenery—cruise ships actually sail among mountain peaks—are breath-taking, rivalling the scenery of the Scandinavian countries, so popular until the war in Europe made voyages to the fjords too dangerous to contemplate. Alaska's huge glaciers are the largest in the world, and virtually roar into the sea. Taku glacier, near Juneau, the capital of the territory, is thirty miles long, 200 feet high and more than a mile wide where it enters the waters of the Inside Passage. Again, at Prince William Sound, cruise ships halt before the face of Columbia, the world's largest ice mass, which is three miles wide where it enters the sea, extends thirty miles back into the mountains and is more than 151 feet thick—higher than the Statue of Liberty.

Despite the northern location of Alaska and the tremendous amount of ice and snow evidenced by its mountain peaks and glaciers, there is a great diversity in climate. Alaska's May-through-September sun calls for sun glasses, wild flowers grow in profusion, deep green forests carpet the mountainsides—and there are mosquitoes in June! Strawberries grow as large as small apples in the midnight sun.

Alaska, then sparsely populated by Russian trappers and Indian traders, was bought from Russia by Secretary

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of State William H. Seward in 1867, for $7,200,000 and it was made a Territory in 1912, giving it a legislature elected by direct vote and a Governor appointed by the President for a four-year term. The Russians based their claim on this vast area in North America—Alaska is larger than the combined States of New York, Texas, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Montana and South Carolina—through the discovery, in 1741, of the strait separating Siberia and Alaska by Vitus Behring, a Dane in the employ of the Russian Government. But the Russians had made poor promoters, were unsuccessful in mining gold and coal and failed to market fish. The cutting and shipping of ice to California languished, the raising of cattle had dwindled, and during the eighty-odd years of Russian occupation, less than $45,000,000 in furs was produced. The country was almost completely undeveloped when Seward purchased it for a little more than $10 a square mile. Even so, hard-headed American business men were not so sure that Washington had struck a very good bargain in buying what they called the tag-end of civilization, and the first generation of American owners was far from enthusiastic. Military posts were established but little was done to develop the country, and a British visitor recorded that minute specks of gold had been discovered in the Yukon, "but not enough to warrant a rush to that locality." Thirty years later prospectors made the Trail of '98 by Dead Horse Gulch famous—days immortalized by Robert W. Service. Thereafter, of course, things picked up and Americans are just beginning to realize the value of what their great-grandfathers bought for them at two cents an acre. And not the least of these advantages is the great vacationland that has been opened up.

There are several lines offering Alaska tours from ports on the West Coast, tours of various lengths and to different localities, one tour even including a twenty-five to thirty-five-day voyage across the Arctic circle, and visiting the most easterly point of Siberia, the United States Federal fur seal rookery at the Pribilof Islands, returning by the famous Inside Passage. Other cruises take in the William Sound, requiring sixteen days and calling at from ten to twelve of the main Alaskan ports. One-class ships have minimum fares of as little as five dollars a day. As for wardrobe, clothes that are generally worn in Spring or Fall are recommended—including galoshes, a top-coat and an umbrella. Formal clothes are not required.

PARADOXICALLY, the Territory of Hawaii—midway in the Pacific between America, Asia and the South Seas—has Alaska as its closest mainland neighbor, yet the two territories are poles apart in every physical aspect. The Hawaiian Islands are twenty in number, of which nine are inhabited. Honolulu, on the central island of Oahu, is the capital, is famous as the crossroads of the Pacific from almost immediately after the discovery of the Islands by Captain James Cook, famous British explorer, in 1778. Cook named the island group the Sandwich Islands, after the Earl of Sandwich, the then First Lord of the Admiralty—although a humorous fable has it that

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Cook so named the islands after spotting a pig rooting between two breadfruit trees when he first stepped ashore. The natives treated Cook and his men as gods, referred to their white-sailed ship as a big bird of the sky; but nevertheless, Cook was murdered on his second visit to the islands on his return from exploring the southern seas.

After Cook's visit, the influence of the white races quickly altered the native civilization, especially after the arrival of the first missionaries, in 1820, from New England. King Kamehameha, the "Napoleon of the Pacific" conquered the island of Oahu in 1795, and welded the islands into a united kingdom. One of his greatest feats was the driving of the Oahuan army over the 2,000 foot cliff of the Pali, a famous sightseeing spot a few miles outside of Honolulu.

In 1893, a rebellion—fostered by American naval officers, according to the best authorities, despite an agreement between the United States, Britain, France and Japan that the little kingdom's sovereignty would be respected—overthrew the last of the Royal Hawaiians, Queen Liliukolani, the composer of the immortal *Aloha Oe,* the song of the islands. A republic was set up, and the islands were annexed to the United States in 1898, as a convenient coaling place for American warships and transports en route to the Philippines in the war with Spain. Hawaii was made an integral part of the United States in 1900, when it was organized as a Territory. Many races mingle in Hawaii, and many tongues are spoken there, although English is the common language. Of the islands' 400,000 population—the majority of it Oriental—about one-third live in Honolulu.

There are excellent hotels and the city is up-to-date by every American standard, yet the preponderance of Japanese and Chinese also give the cities and towns a truly Far Eastern appearance in many ways: Hawaii is, in fact, the gateway to the East. Chief tourist attractions are surf-boarding, mountain climbing, fishing, and there are unlimited opportunities for exploring out-of-the-way nooks far from the modernities of the towns. On the island of Hawaii, overnight from Honolulu, there is the famous Kilauea volcano, a restless lake of fire sunk in a vast lava pit, which is three miles across at its widest. In contrast to Kilauea, a sunken wonder of boiling rock, there is Mauna Loa (13,688 feet high) which belches smoke and lava from its cone. This, too, is on the island of Hawaii, as is snow-capped Mauna Kea (13,825 feet high) which is a mountain climber's delight. Also on the same island are the famous "barking sands" and deep forests of giant ferns, through which the traveler drives from Hilo, the second largest city, en route to the volcano.

Transportation to Hawaii is swift, requiring five days at sea from San Francisco, Los Angeles or Vancouver, so that the traveler has twelve days in the islands out of a three-week trip. Minimum first-class fare is $125 one way, with cabin-class fares ranging from $85 one way for an inside cabin, to $90, $100 and $105 for outside cabins. Wardrobes are a simple matter, requiring summer clothing for all seasons, but a heavy coat should be taken for cool nights at sea, mountain tours and inter-island excursions.

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Sports clothes head the list, and passengers dress for dinner aboard ship.

FOR those unable to get away for more than a few days and who still like to feel the roll of the ocean under them, popular tours are offered out of New York to Norfolk, Virginia. These require a minimum of only three days, including two full nights and two full half days at sea, leaving one day ashore to visit historic Williamsburg or the famous Virginia Beach. By staying an extra day ashore the traveler has the opportunity of visiting other such historic Virginia cities as Jamestown and Yorktown. A six-day tour on the same line takes in Williamsburg and the other historic cities, a 112-mile night sail up the Potomac River to Washington, where there is a day allowed for sightseeing about the Capital and opportunity to visit Mt. Vernon and historic Alexandria, returning to Norfolk again by river, thence back to New York by sea—a sail of about 400 miles, each way. These short tours, besides requiring little time, are inexpensive, round trips ranging from $19 minimum, including stateroom and meals on board boat for the shortest trip to $46 per person minimum on the New York-Norfolk-Washington cruise. The latter, incidentally, affords two days in Norfolk to explore Williamsburg and the Beach.

Next month: Trancontinental train trips, covering intineraries for those attending both World's Fairs at New York and San Francisco; Atlantic and Pacific coastal tours; Great Lakes.

THE ELDER BIG BERTHA

The guns will roar, the German papers threaten. Bluff? The future will tell. But let us take this occasion to correct a gross error: the Big Bertha of doleful memory was not the largest cannon in history. Big Bertha, it appears, had an ancester of even greater proportions, and this formidable engine of death was cast at Andrianople, in 1453, for Mahomet II by a Hungarian ironmaster named Orban. The gun was designed to break the siege of Constantinople, and it was of such size that it required a hundred oxen and several hundred men to move it. This fifteenth-century Big Bertha was to have fired cannon balls of stone weighing some 1,200 pounds. But on its first firing the immense cannon exploded, killing five hundred soldiers of Mahomet II and also the gun's designer. Even in 1453, Big Berthas were not weapons to cause excessive alarm.

—*L'Ordre,* Paris

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Historic Virginia, cradle of American democracy, new travel mecca of Nation

Colonial Williamsburg

By HELEN BURNS

THE AGONIZED poet who pleaded for time to turn backward on its flight must have felt something akin to the way many Americans feel today, distracted by the speed and noise of a fiendish age, baffled and in doubt as to whither the world and the nation are drifting, beset by fears of war and the fate of democracy.

In Williamsburg, once the capital and metropolis of aristocratic Colonial Virginia, one really can retard the clock and step back more than 300 years into the pages of the first chapter of America's history. Here, through painstaking work of exact restoration, through the interest of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., a magnificent task of reconstruction as an essentially educational undertaking, Williamsburg today is almost exactly what it was in the mid-eighteenth century, when a group of young bloods whose names were George Washington, Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson and Francis Lightfoot Lee dined and drank in the tap-room of the Raleigh Tavern. There, over their tankards, they plotted and schemed for the overthrow of the Royal rule in the colonies unmindful, perhaps, that the Governor himself, unprepared for unexpected guests at the Palace, was entertaining in the next room.

The restored Williamsburg is truly a city living in the past, revelling in the role it has played ever since it was first named in honor of King William III of England in 1699 after the capital of the Virginia Colony was moved from Jamestown, the first permanent English settlement in America.

Although most of the residents of Williamsburg today dress no differently than the residents of any other American city, and the students of the College of William and Mary resemble those of every typical campus in the country, the attendants who preside over the restored buildings, dress for their roles—the gaolers appear much as they did in 1704, when the Public Gaol received and held the

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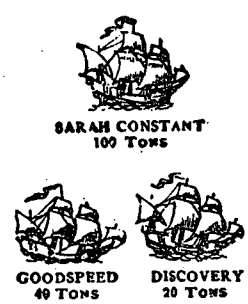
worst criminals and offenders in Virginia during the seventy-five years that institution served as a place of detention for debtors, lunatics and military prisoners of the American Revolution; hostesses at the Raleigh Tavern, where Phi Beta Kappa was born, are attired in the manner befitting the Colonial women who served the gentry of Virginia; and at the Governor's Palace the same motif adds to the illusion of the grandeur of the King's Viceroys in the Colony.

Americans, seeking a reinterpretation of their former Government and a revaluation of democracy, may well step back onto the soil of Tidewater Virginia, where the spirit of America was born and cradled and which now is a perfect mecca for Americans in these dictator-ridden days of doubt. There, American history properly begins just 333 years ago when a band of Britishers, given a charter by King James I, established the Virginia Company in 1607. Daring the winter storms on the Atlantic in three small ships—the *Sarah Constant,* of one hundred tons, the *Goodspeed* (or *Godspeed*), of forty tons and the *Discovery,* a diminutive twenty tonner —the group founded the first permanent English colony in the New World, and offset the spreading Spanish colonies already flourishing in Mexico, Florida, California and South America, thirteen years before the more famous Puritan Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock on the bleak New England shore. In itself this was a turning point in the history of the New World, for it decided whether North America would be dominated by Anglo-Saxons or Latins.



Landing on April 25, 1607, the colonists were driven off Cape Henry by hostile Indians, and forced to sail upstream on the water of what they later named the James River. Eventually, they landed on a tiny island to found Jamestown, on May 13, 1607. In this group was Captain John Smith, he of Pocahontas fame, and to whom historians give all credit for the fact that the Virginia venture, unlike that of Sir Walter Raleigh in 1584, did not fail.

It was in Jamestown in 1619 that two highly anomalous events occurred both of which were later to lead to bloody wars, one beginning in 1775 and the other in 1865. The first was the arrival of Negro slaves which established a system against which the North, and most of Europe, revolted. The second event was the holding of the first Virginia Assembly, the beginning of representative government which has endured to the present day. It was the demand for this in greater degree than it then existed which caused the thirteen original English colonies to revolt against Great Britain and set up a nation of their own with new ideals of government.

On March 22, 1622 came the great Indian massacre which killed off more than one-fourth of the 1,300 population of Jamestown. But the settlement recovered and by 1629 the colonists were fast spreading up the rivers and into the interior. There was a

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growing resentment at British rule and in 1676, exactly 100 years before the Revolution, the colonists rebelled against the tyrannies of Governor William Berkeley. The leader of the revolt was Nathaniel Bacon. The uprising failed, but Bacon's men set fire to Jamestown and among the buildings gutted was the State House. This was rebuilt, but following another disastrous fire, in 1699, the capital was moved to Williamsburg, which previously had been known as the Middle Plantation. Jamestown is one of the points of interest to visitors to Virginia, where the old church tower and the foundations of the ancient State House are among the historical highlights. There, too, is the statue of Captain Smith and Pocahontas, and the remains of an old palisaded fort built as protection against Indians. Jamestown Island itself is a Colonial National Historical Park but there is little left of the first colony because the town itself was not rebuilt after Bacon's men had fired it.

Middle Plantation, so-called by reason of its situation between the James and the York Rivers, was recognized as being more healthful because of its elevation. The history of the settlement itself dates back to 1632, when a patent of 200 acres was granted to a doctor, John Pott, and it was the meeting place for both the Redcoats and the Rebels at the time of Bacon's Rebellion.

Throughout the eighteenth century, the spotlight of public affairs was thrown on Williamsburg along whose main street, the Duke of Gloucester (named for the eldest son of Queen Anne), was located the House of Burgesses, the College of William and Mary—second oldest in the country —the Raleigh Tavern, and Bruton Parish Church. The population varied from two to five thousand—the latter representing periods when the legislative body assembled—and the town maintained its prestige until the end of the Revolution which had been hatched on its soil.

The restored city of Williamsburg is a classical gem of Colonial days and its restoration is one of the greatest contributions to the study of American history. Up to the present, 68 Colonial buildings have been restored, 139 have been rebuilt, 514 modern buildings have been torn down and 33 stores and shops of purely colonial type have been erected to provide a suitable business district—one of the national chain stores is housed in a structure in which even George Washington would feel at home!—while a great many magnificent old gardens have been restored, particularly those behind the Governor's Palace. The people of Williamsburg live in the town's restored buildings and beautiful homes, devoting a great portion of their time, interest and labor to turning back the pages of history and assisting in the work of making Williamsburg today exactly as their forefathers knew it.

OF PARTICULAR interest is the restored Capitol which gives the visitor the feeling of stepping back into the days of old when the aristocrats, in their silks and satins, occupied special galleries in the General Court, and peered down upon the "common people" seated on hard benches to receive a justice which was usually severe and necessarily quick, because the Gaol was too small to accommodate all miscreants. Too, the House

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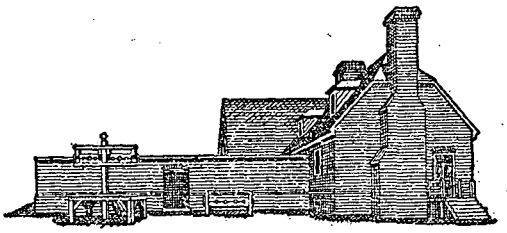
of Burgesses, serving the common people as it did, was less lavish than the second-floor Council Chamber where the aristocrats presided. From these caste contrasts alone, one can readily understand why there was resentment against Royal Blue, as transplanted from London.

When the restoration of the Capitol began in 1928, Colonial Williamsburg, Incorporated, was confronted with a difficult problem: two Capitol buildings had stood successively on the old foundations, which had been kept intact by the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities. Of these, the first building was historically significant in itself, and was the more interesting architecturally. The second building was undistinguished architecturally, but had greater historical interest. The first building was selected for reconstruction however, both because of its architectural significance and because voluminous and contemporary records available permitted an accurate and detailed restoration, whereas such information was lacking in the case of the second building.

By consulting the records of the Assembly, the work of restoration began with archaeological investigation of the colonial foundations which were very nearly intact and which evidenced the alterations which had been made after a fire razed the original building in 1747. While this work was in progress, researchers sought out all available references to the building, compiling specific documentary and pictorial data pertaining to the first building's architecture, furnishings and surroundings. So detailed were the contemporary accounts and descriptions of the building that it is believed that the reconstructed Capitol may be accepted as the exact counterpart of the original which was completed on the same foundation in 1705. Furthermore, Williamsburgers feel that, should Patrick Henry walk into the building in which he so often spoke, he would not know the difference today.

In back of the Capitol is the Public Gaol, one of the most interesting although one of the smallest, of the restorations. When Williamsburg became the seat of Virginia Government, in the opening years of the eighteenth century, the same acts of the Assembly which directed the building of the Capitol also ordered the erection of the Gaol, located directly behind the Capitol itself. They were closely associated, both in location and function, as the Capitol was the meeting place of the General Assembly and the General Court. As a court of original jurisdiction, the General Court tried criminals, punishable by mutilation or loss of life, and heard civil suits involving claims.



The Public Gaol

As the Gaol was primarily the general court prison, persons awaiting trial in General Court were confined there, as well as convicted persons awaiting execution of sentences.

Unlike state prisons of modern times, the Gaol was rarely used for prolonged confinement of those con-

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victed, and in order to avoid the expenses of maintaining prisoners for long periods, the laws of Virginia often substituted violent punishments and profitable fines. Within its walls prisoners were allowed unusual privileges and freedom, but only after they had been shackled with leg irons, handcuffs and chains. The small cells were often overcrowded to the point of discomfort, but prisoners were given access to a small yard for exercise. The winter months were most dreaded as the windows, though small and heavily barred, were unglazed and the cells unheated. In the case of a slave, it is recorded that " by a long Confinement in Prison [he] became so exceedingly Frostbitten, that a Mortification ensued, whereof he died." The death penalty was indicated for a wide range of offenses, including arson, piracy, horsestealing, forgery and burglary. In 1718 thirteen followers of the notorious pirate "Blackbeard" were tried at Williamsburg and hanged "at the usual place near the city." Other criminals were branded on the palm of their hand with an M for murder and a T for thief. The restored Gaol reveals what the early convict Colonists must have gone through; the original shackles are driven into the floors, the dungeon cells and the stocks and whipping posts all are intact.

Perhaps the most magnificent building of Colonial America, is the Governor's Palace which, from 1705, paralleled the distinguished life of the community which it predominated, standing as a more or less convivial symbol of royal authority and prestige. It was the residence of one of the most remarkable succession of able men that ever governed a British colony—Alexander Spotswood, Hugh Drysdale, William Gooch, Robert Dinwiddie, Francis Fanquier, Norborne Berkeley (Baron de Botetourt), and, at the end, John Murray, the Earl of Dumore. For five years after the outbreak of the Revolution, the building served as the executive mansion of the Virginia Commonwealth and domiciled Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson. Finally, after the removal of the seat of Government to Richmond, the Palace served as a hospital for the wounded of General Washington's army at Yorktown. While serving as a military hospital, the Palace was destroyed by fire in December 1781.

The building was formally completed about 1720, but it was continually being improved and repaired as one Governor succeeded the other. The magnificent ballroom wing is believed to have been added in 1749 and the Palatial interior was extensively remodeled. The furnishings were composed of an ever-increasing collection of pieces purchased by the Colony and augmented by the private possessions of the governors. The Palace was the center of social life of the Colony and to be entertained there was the near equivalent of acceptance at Court in England. But the cost of entertainment was a serious drain on the finances of the governors themselves who feted anywhere from fifty to one hundred guests several days a week at dinners alone during the time when the Assembly was in session.

When the problem of rebuilding the Palace was undertaken in 1930 there was a vast amount of information available as a basis for accurate reconstruction. For instance, a cop-

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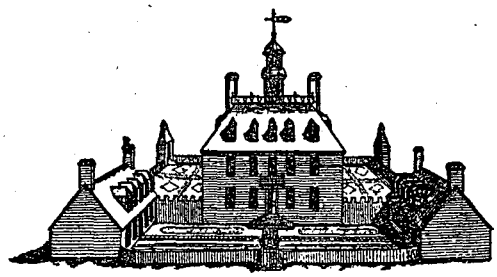
perplate engraving showing the principal front of the building as it appeared in 1732, was found at Oxford, England; a floor plan of the principal building, drawn by Thomas Jefferson in 1779, was located through the Massachusetts Historical Society; and another map, showing the arrangement of the principal buildings, was in the possession of the College of William and Mary. Besides, the journals of the House of Burgesses and other records contained frequent intimate reference to the Palace.



The Governor's Palace

The actual foundation walls of the main building and the numerous dependent buildings were discovered in excavating the Palace site and, in the case of the principal building, the complete basement with its partition walls, chimney bases and original stone floors was found in a useable condition. The reconstructed Palace, now standing on the original foundation, is one of the most extensive single Colonial restorations ever undertaken. The lavish furnishings in the Palace itself are as accurate a duplication as possible, even including wallpaper, pianos and knick-knacks.

On the quaint campus of the College of William and Mary is the Wren Building, the oldest academic structure in America, which has been the main college building since it was completed in 1697. The building has withstood the ravages of three fires, the first in 1705, another in 1859 and a third in 1862, when it was set ablaze by Federal soldiers. But the walls, though thick and firmly built, were so weakened that the task of restoring them was one of the most difficult confronting the Williamsburg restoration engineers.

While British rule in America began at Jamestown, it ended only about twenty miles from there—at Yorktown, where Cornwallis surrendered to Washington, closing the American Revolution and assuring the Colonies of their independence. Thus, the Colonial National Historical Park, embracing a part of Jamestown, nearly all of Yorktown and a connecting parkway is termed the "Alpha and Omega of British rule in America." Almost between the two towns is Williamsburg, which stands as a lesson "that the future may learn from the past." No wonder this small area in tidewater Virginia is the new national mecca for Americans, this year bent on "Seeing America First."

(This is the first of a Living Age *series on historical cities and towns in the United States.)*

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Letters and the Arts

By CHARLES ANGOFF

THE European war has not dampened the mounting interest in pantomine in both England and France. Only recently both the *Nineteenth Century* and *Life and Letters Today* carried two long discussions of it, the first by John Shand and the second by Thomas Walton. Mr. Shand points out that "pantomime is still the most popular form of stage show" in England. "In cities outside the metropolis all the larger theaters will from Christmas until late February or March be crowded nightly with people enjoying pantomimes." The reason seems to lie in the simple fact that pantomime represents the only dramatic escape from the stark realism of the present-day theater. All the more unfortunate is it therefore that English producers have negelcted the art of pantomime. "There is not the glitter that there was, and the gusto of the scene painters (no less than of the comedians) is a trifle faded." This decline in lavishness is due perhaps, in part, to the fact that the movies have tended to kill the spectacular drama. This, however, holds only for the producers; the people still love pantomime, and that they love the movies more has yet to be proved.

In eighteenth and nineteenth century France, says Mr. Walton, pantomime "was perhaps the most popular form of theatrical entertainment." It probably still would be, if only the producers kept their ears close to the popular demand. The movies deal with a life remotely incredible; pantomime deals with life intimately fantastic, and as such it is more real, as good fiction is always the most genuine fact, enormously more so even than history. Joseph Conrad, in his essay on Henry James, published in 1905, said: "Fiction is history, human history, or it is nothing. But it is also more than that; it stands on firmer ground, being based on the reality of forms and the observation of social phenomena, whereas history is based on documents and the reading of print and handwriting—on second-hand impression. Thus fiction is nearer truth."

In the United States it is possible that in the near future there will be as great a revival of interest in pantomime as in England and France. American play scripts of late have been so cheap and puerile that the public and the actors are bound to revolt—to declare a strike on the gibberish of the playwrights. Actors in particular have a serious complaint. They waste their enormous talents on words that their integrity cannot stomach. Such a situation forms an excellent field for the growth of pantomime. The enormous popularity of the mechanical doll scene in the Ballet Russe's *Coppelia* indicated more than a passing pleasure. It indicated a distaste for the current legitimate

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drama and a yearning for the high deeds and tender romances of speechless action.

IN New York the 1939-40 season of the dance came to a magnificent close with the concerts of Katherine Dunham and Dance Group and the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. Miss Dunham and her group do honor, not only to the Negro race, but to the art of the dance. Her choreography is meticulous, genuine, sometimes profound, and always extraordinarily impressive. The ensemble's Brazilian, Haitian, and other tropical dances immediately displaced all other attempts in the same direction, and the same can be said of their interpretation of boogie woogie, the barrelhouse and the honky-tonk. Miss Dunham herself has very great skill as a dancer, and in collaboration with Archie Savage she is a joy to behold.

This writer saw only one performance of the Ballet Russe, being present on the evening when it gave excellent interpretations of *Coppelia* (music by Delibes, choreography by Petipa, Cecchetti, and Sergeiff), *L'Apres Midi d'un Faune* (music by Debussy, choreography after Nijinsky) and *Capriccio Espagnol* (music by Rimsky-Korsakoff and choreography by Massine.) The tale of *Coppelia,* about the doll who came to life, is a very ancient one but still full of magic. Mia Slavenska, of *Ballerina* fame, danced the lead with remarkable technical proficiency. Overwhelmingly beautiful, she has passion as well as technique, and a little more quiet emotion would place her in the front rank of ballerinas, a place she still has to earn. She would do well to give more study to the art of Argentinita, who appeared in *Capriccio,* and in a few seconds, with her great understanding, captured the entire stage. The company as a whole, it is unnecessary to say, constitutes one of the artistic miracles of our day.

In the realm of the drama, the season which saw several disasters among the playwrights and critics and witnessed nothing of real moment in original scripts, went out with a brilliant performance by Maurice Evans as King Richard II in Shakespeare's play of the same name. Though one of the master's lesser achievements—in places it comes close to being a pulp story—its beauty of language wipes away most doubts, and when spoken by Mr. Evans, it leaps and lifts to places most fearful and wonderful. Miss Margaret Webster's direction cannot be praised too highly, and the same has to be said for David Ffolkes' costuming and scenic designing.

POLISH literature, during the last four centuries, has nearly always been an exile literature. Even in the "golden" sixteenth century, one had to go to Paris, Padua, Berlin, Amsterdam, London and Brussels, not to Warsaw or Krakow, to see the authors of Polish novels, plays and poems. Jan Laski, Poland's great scholar and religious reformer, spent his mature years traveling the continent, while Góslicki, author of the treatise *De Optimo Senatore,* shuttled between Venice and London. As Arthur Prudden Coleman says in the New York *Times,* "A century ago it was a handful of poets in exile who turned a veritable age of iron into a golden era for Polish literature."

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It seems that a similar phenomenon will take place in our time. The present collapse of the Republic has not in any way lessened the production of literature by its citizens. If anything, it has given it new life. Wladyslaw Sikorski, now Premier of the Polish Government in France, has been serving as the cultural leader of his wandering compatriots. His *Poland and France: Past and Present* saw first publication in Paris. The turn of events since September 1, 1939 has made this volume of prime importance in making the Poles more welcome in France and England. Among other things it has done much to wipe out the tenseness that existed between the two nations during Marshal Pilsudski's dictatorship. His dislike of France reached bizarre proportions.

Despite Premier Sikorski's efforts, it appears likely that London, rather than Paris, will witness the new flowering of exile Polish literature. At least, to date, more Polish books have been published in the English capital, among them a collection of Julian Tuwim's popular juvenile verses and Jan Parandowski's *Olympic Discus*. There is now in preparation a translation of Jeremi Wasiutynski's biography of Copernicus.

English music critics, as represented by W. J. Turner of the *New Statesman and Nation*, continue to be dismayed by the lack, not only of good composers in England, but of genuine popular interest in the art. During the nineteenth century foreign countries looked upon England as "the land without music," and today, according to Mr. Turner, the only man in public life who shows a real interest in music is Sir Thomas Beecham, whose effectiveness as an apostle is somewhat vitiated by his temperamental excesses.

Contemporary English composers —Delius, Bax, Williams, Elgar— have justly met with small critical acclaim, but one must not forget that in Shakespeare's day English music ranked with the best in the world, not even excluding Italian. Gibbons, Byrd, Purcell—their music belongs with the best of the continental classics, particularly in the realm of church music. Of late there has been a revival of Purcell's music. Harriet Cohen, the accomplished English pianist, played two of Purcell's sonatas in her recent New York concert. Unfortunately, she was not in best form, but even so the sonatas were very beautiful.

Recently Arturo Toscanini, conducting the NBC Symphony, presented the world premiere of a hitherto unknown composition by Verdi, an overture to "Aida." The overture will soon go back to the oblivion it occupied previously, except that scholars will argue about it and attempt to place it properly in the development of Verdi. As played by Mr. Toscanini, which is to say, as played with supreme brilliance, it sounded diffuse, childish and pointless. Verdi obviously was wise in hiding it.

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Speaking of Books

By LEON BRYCE BLOCH

WHAT with all of Europe engaged in death-struggle, it is a little difficult to turn my undistracted gaze upon the safe scenes at home. However, I am faced by a phalanx of books singing a similar refrain; two of them new efforts, the third a timely reissue. By the weight of numbers and of authoritative insight these books claim serious consideration.

Were we not caught up in that intense European drama at the moment, these three books, *American Faith, The American Stakes* and *In the American Grain* would have impressed themselves more deeply upon the American consciousness. I hereby add my voice to the few scattered hosannas heard to date. If every American could be brought to read and study these three books, American history and its inner meanings might come to be understood. At least the volumes would do much to dispel that conglomeration of befuddlement and misconception created in American minds by those Svengalis who pretend to teach the history of our country in public schools all over the land.

I have ever looked with pity upon the school children of America, because I, though once like the others, by fortuitous circumstance eventually escaped the deadening influence of our early school marms. And for more than two decades I have attempted to destroy the evils inherent at the source of the system which makes helpless children the victims of well-intentioned but quite as helpless teachers. Lately, too, I have turned my attention to a possible solution, and the eradication, of the bitter fruits of the new laissez-faire school system. I am trying to help with an attempt to spread some real understanding of our lives and backgrounds through an easy adult education. The latter is not new; I have invented nothing. It is merely the culmination of that ancient and basic principle of pedagogy: "arouse the enthusiasm of the pupil for the subject."

And now that I stand revealed, you may attack me the more easily. I am vulnerable, but I go forward with my fellow fools.

Careful reading of the three books I mention, if it accomplishes nothing more, will go far toward removing that obvious insularity and sectionalism so apparent in most residents of urban America, especially those "little people" who infest our most populous cities.

American Faith is the mature flowering of those beautifully erudite talents possessed by the late Ernest Sutherland Bates. This is indeed a fitting swan song. It is not only a reflection of the thoughts, emotions and stuff of America, but also something carved out of the very flesh of Mr. Bates.

Beginning with a study of the Pro-

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testant Reformation in Europe—as the "great idea" from which America stems—this volume traces the great experiment that is now the United States. Here is the struggle of the colonies, their religious and intellectual leaders in full panoply.

Some reviewers have called this book a study of the religious backgrounds of America. Nothing is more mistaken. It arises, understandably, from the fact that all through this work, Mr. Bates keeps the reader aware of the truth that this nation (whatever else it may be) is a free, democratic Protestant Christian state in its beginning, its middle and its present phases.

Of great interest to the average reader will be the chapter depicting the transition of American thinking from religion to politics. Here is the story not only of the Revolution of George Washington (basically a conflict between royalty and "economic royalty") but also the tales of the counter-revolution of Thomas Jefferson and the counter-counter-revolution of Andrew Jackson. I use the parlance of dialectic materialism advisedly. And it is for the precise purpose of catching the Marxians for a moment. If I can just hold them long enough, I would like to point out to them the chapter on the many cooperative and communist experiments tried in this land, long before Brother Joe Stalin, or the lately sainted Lenin for that matter, were able to tell their beads. I take this opportunity, also, to point out to the orthodox congregation of Herr Marx that their orthodoxy is too, too reactionary for the American stomach, that as Mr. Bates points out, there is a tradition of freedom from frozen forms, a tradition of experiment and change, a tradition of each man in his own way, in this country. I'm compelled to point out to the orthodox brethren (who unfortunately, for the most part, have never visited America west of the Hudson River) that Americans are impatient of all political sects which deny economic or social salvation outside their own synagogues.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, in his excellent work *The American Stakes,* goes further back into history than does Mr. Bates to examine the origins of our institutions. In fact Mr. Chamberlain goes pre-medieval on us. This is said in no carping mood, since I feel that he has set up a valid case for his thesis that from the earliest times the state has been either an absolute or a limited racket. We are told that in the earliest times roving herdsmen seized possession of large areas of land and levied tribute from the workers in the soil, and the huntsmen, for the privilege of using the land. Later, as the rulers perceived that plunder paid more poorly than willing tribute, the roving landlords levied a set fee and added another service to the original one of suffrance. Thus came into being a limited racket, in which the "owners" of the land gave the tenants definite tenure in the form of leases, plus protection against rival racketeers. In this manner there grew up two classes: roughly, nobility and commoners. The "nobility" took to arming itself and then armies arose.

Coming down to modern times, Mr. Chamberlain examines the various concepts of the state. He points to the success of limited rackets as opposed to absolute rackets. A specially

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pernicious example of the absolute racket, revived after a long period of desuetude, he says, is the totalitarian concept of government.

The outstanding vice of a totalitarian government is that the people can never get rid of it. Because the party in power controls the very means of life itself, it controls the means of its own perpetuation. In Russia, for example, the Stalin régime has become a self-renewing autocratic class which dissenters can neither vote out of office nor force out. Antagonism to the party means antagonism to the state and spells annihilation. How the system works is evidenced by the slaughter of the Ukrainian peasants —about 5,000,000 of them—because they failed to accept with sufficient alacrity the suggestion that they be collectivized.

Mr. Chamberlain points out also the important fact that the communist "experiment" in Russia will prevent its repetition elsewhere in spite of the fact that economic conditions in the domains of the late Czar, unfortunately, make an analogy with the western powers impossible. Not because of economic failure, but because of political failure, has communism condemned itself to oblivion. The brutalities of the Russian Soviet have alienated less oriental minds. He says:

"The Moscow trials clinched the case for me against complete state ownership of the means and materials of production. The squabbles underlying the trials have been dressed up as an Aaron Burr conspiracy for personal power, as a Japanese-Fascist plot, as a menacing intrigue to restore capitalism in the socialist Fatherland. Yet, basically, all the quarrels proceeded from different conceptions of what should be the end and aim of the Gosplan. Trotsky wanted the peasants collectivized without any ado; therefore Trotsky went into banishment and exile. Bukharin, who told the peasants to 'enrich yourselves' in the NEP, wanted Stalin to go slowly with the program for creating collective farms and artels; therefore Bukharin was bumped off. 'Inner contradictions' had appeared in the U. S. S. R. for the simple reason—which should have been obvious all along—that members of the 'classless' society were confronted with the same old savings-spendings dilemma that has always rocked capitalist society."

In case you've forgotten what that dilemma is, it's the struggle in the economist's mind to decide what portion of production to put into capital goods and what portion into consumer goods. In a totalitarian state one man decides the question in a manner to best insure his position.

IN THE AMERICAN GRAIN, by William Carlos Williams, is a timely republication of a beautifully written panorama of America, from Eric the Red to Abraham Lincoln. There is an extremely erudite introduction by Horace Gregory. This little volume rounds out a trinity that should constitute a course in American history for all Americans. And they'd all like it.

AMERICAN FAITH. *By Ernest Sutherland Bates. New York: W. W. Norton & Company. 1940. 479 pages. $3.75.*

THE AMERICAN STAKES. *By John Chamberlain. New York: Carrick & Evans. 1940. 320 pages. $2.75.*

IN THE AMERICAN GRAIN. *By William Carlos Williams. Norfolk, Connecticut: New Directions. 1940. 235 pages. $1.00.*

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TURKEY AT THE STRAITS. *By James T. Shotwell and Francis Deák. New York: Macmillan. 1940. 181 pages and index. $2.00.*

BECAUSE one theater of the present war in Europe is very likely to be in the Mediterranean and the Balkans, this volume is well-timed and extremely pertinent. It is the story of one of the oldest and most persistent problems in European history—"the Question of the Straits." Dating from the dimmest antiquity of Greece—the myths of Jason and the Golden Fleece, which were not all myths—the struggle for the control of the Dardanelles has, throughout the ages, been the turning point in most of the long history of the conflicts in Europe itself. And yet it is strange that the subject has received little attention, in fact has been ignored by most historians in their backward glances. But this volume gives a well-rounded picture and sound historical analysis.

The mile-wide Straits, which separate Europe from Asia, raised a political issue in the Trojan Wars and played an important part in the development of ancient Greece, the authors point out. Later, control of the Straits contributed to the growth of the Roman Empire. In the Byzantine Period the chief rivals of Constantinople (Istanbul) the Pisans, Genoese and Venetians were constantly at war, and the great stroke of Venice was to turn the fourth crusade against the Greek Empire itself and hold the city from 1204 to 1261, from which time it assumed an overlordship of the Black Sea, forcing both Pisa and Genoa to accept its terms. As a result of the conflicts of the Byzantine Period long disorders were felt in Europe.

The gradual conquest of the Straits by the Ottoman Turks, extending over a century, was one of the chief causes of the crusades, according to Messrs. Shotwell and Deák. The Turks in control of the Dardanelles and the swiftly flowing Bosporus made the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora into jealously guarded Turkish lakes. Throughout the 17th Century Turkey was one of the great powers, being rivalled only by France. Then came the imperialist dreams of Peter the Great of Russia who, in 1699, demanded the right of Muscovite ships to sail the "virgin waters of the Black Sea." He was rebuffed, however, diplomatically and later, defeated by arms, was forced to surrender his conquests on the Black Sea. Then, by the treaty of Belgrade in 1739, Russia was further set back when Turkey, seconded by France, forced the destruction of Russian forts on the sea of Azof and Russia was forbidden to maintain or construct a fleet in the Azof or Black seas. Katherine II finally conquered the Black Sea coastlines of Russia, her ambition being to partition Turkey as well as Poland. To achieve this, Katherine waged war not only by land, but also sent a fleet around by Gibraltar to blockade the Dardanelles, in 1770, and almost reached Constantinople from the West. At the door of success her attention was diverted to Poland. But she did break the Turkish grip on the Black Sea, established Russia along its shores and created a new international set-up.

The Dardanelles played a vital role in the Napoleonic era. The first effect of Napoleon's campaign in Egypt was to show up the weakness of the Ottoman Empire and throw Turkey into the hands of Russia, which sent a fleet into the Bosporus, and precipitated an alliance between Turkey, Russia and England. After this alliance Russian men of war freely passed the Straits regardless of treaties forbidding warships to use those waters.

Throughout the long history of the strategic Dardanelles, the authors note, all treaties appear to bar warships of belligerents. Even today, under the mutual-assistance treaty between Turkey, Great Britain and France, Ankara is under no obligation to close the Straits against Russia or to permit the Allies to send naval forces into the Black Sea. On the other hand, there is nothing to prevent Turkey, should she feel threatened by Russia, or should Moscow put further demands on Turkey in prosecution of the war with the Allies, to change her policy over the control of the Straits. Nevertheless, the question of the control of the Straits by Turkey has yet to be squarely raised in the present war. If Britain, in extending her blockade to the Black Sea, were to be refused passage of her war vessels, Turkey would be within her rights—but the danger is that, if Russia can succeed in winning Ankara, there might conceivably be a repetition of the ill-fated Gallipoli campaign of the last war.

On the other hand, Turkey, who by the

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mutual-assistance pact, is pledged to go to the aid of Rumania or any other Balkan country which might be attacked by Germany, conceivably can stay benevolently neutral and open the Straits to the Allies. Thus, Turkey is the keystone—as so often in the past—in the present European conflict, even though the hostilities themselves might not actually extend into the Balkans. It all depends on whether the fifteen-year mutual-assistance pact between Turkey and the Allies does not, in the end, turn out to be just a scrap of paper. After all, treaties today are not sancrosanct and immutable laws. When conditions change, treaties are scrapped.

To a large extent this book is a diplomatic history, and the authors have connected the problems of the past with those of the present, throwing a revealing light on a critical situation. There is no other book which covers the whole subject in this way. The first half of the volume on the history of the Straits down through the Congress at Berlin, is drawn from a memorandum prepared in 1918 as part of the documentation of the American commission to negotiate peace at the Paris Conference. It was published in 1921 in an International Conciliation pamphlet of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. The second half of the volume, by Professor Deák, brings the story up to the present. Some thirty pages are devoted to an appendix dealing with the treaty of peace between the Allied powers and Turkey signed in 1920, the convention on the régime of the Straits signed at Lausanne in 1923 and at Montreux in 1936, together with the text of the Mutual Assistance Pact between Turkey, Britain and France signed at Ankara last October. A valuable volume for those who have to know and understand the genesis of any conflict that may break out in the Balkans in this war.

—WALKER MATHESON

THE ART OF LIVING. *By André Maurois. New York: Harper & Brothers. 323 pages. $2.50.*

WHAT is "the art of living"? Maurois quotes Bacon, "Art is man added to nature." The art of living is man's patterning or modeling of the rough materials given him by nature—using body and mind to the limit of his ability and turning to advantage events he cannot control.

Maurois believes that man can steer his course, and has little sympathy with the whiners who cry, "Look what life has done to me." But even the philosopher who will not admit that man is powerless against nature must recognize that there are such things as death and failure. Rationalization plays its part here, and Maurois is not above advising it. If the statesman has set his heart on winning public office but fails to achieve it, he can comfort himself by asking, "Did I really want it? Now I will not be bothered by people whom I prefer not to see. I can live a peaceful life and enjoy my leisure." The case of the man who has lost a loved one on whom he had built his happiness is a little different. Here the remedy is action, travel, the company of friends. In both instances, the important point is that Maurois has his solution.

Deal with realities, he admonishes, and see how imaginary troubles fly. Maurois himself keeps both feet on the ground: "It is insulting to offer the consolations of philosophy to people who are cold and hungry." And for the intellectual who finds himself in trouble, he warns against thought that leads nowhere.

Action is the keynote of such a philosophy, and it is little wonder *The Art of Living* becomes almost a handbook of rules. Of love the author says, "If we find a woman too different from our ideal, let us not love her." Of marriage, "The will to preserve it must be constantly active and the vow ceaselessly renewed." Of family life, "To escape it is useless, but do not let it smother you." Of working, "Acknowledge your limitations, but once an objective is chosen, work at it until it is won." Of growing old, "Escape it by living active lives, or accept it with tranquillity and renunciation."

The book is full of "quotables"—many of them platitudes. But it is fast, easy reading, the pace set by the dynamic quality of the philosophy itself. Still the biographer, Maurois has drawn freely from his wide reading of classic literature, from his intimate knowledge of the lives of the men who made it. He quotes incidents from novels much as a social worker refers to case histories.

—SYLVIA LEIBOVIT

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THE WORLD SINCE 1914. *By Walter Consuelo Langsam. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1940. 1024 pages, Bibliography and Index. $3.75.*

This volume is the fourth edition of Dr. Langsam's prodigious work, which first appeared in 1933 and, in the years intervening, has come to be regarded by newspaper and magazine editors, historians, teachers and students as indispensable as the *Oxford Dictionary,* the *World Almanac,* the *Bulletin of International Affairs* and, possibly, the *Bible.* The reason for its appearance is to provide coverage of the years 1935 to the beginning of war last year, and in this task the author employs the same blend of simple factual writing and judicious use of background and interpretation that provoked enthusiasm when this historical encyclopedia first appeared. To keep a study of this category from getting out of hand, and to succeed in cajoling the reader into digesting one chapter after another of essentially factual writing, down a stretch of more than a thousand pages, is a trick that only comes after assiduous application, and Dr. Langsam performs it with dispatch and assurance.

THE MEXICAN EARTH. *By Todd Downing. New York: Doubleday Doran. 1940. 337 pages. $3.00.*

Because Mexico this year is by far one of the most popular travel and vacation spots for Americans, *The Mexican Earth* becomes a "must" book for those who contemplate a trip below the border. Delightfully written, the volume immediately makes one *feel* the spirit of old Mexico, and interprets the baffling personalities and events of today so that the reader really knows the people, the country and the history of that colorful and tragic land.

Tracing the history of Mexico from the earliest times down to the period of independence from Spain, the first ten chapters provide a brilliantly colored background that is in itself enthralling reading. Throughout the author has skillfully interwoven the part the church has played in Mexican history from the time of the Spanish conquest and, without bitterness, unfolds the role of the missionaries and the ends to which they resorted in their zeal for acquiring riches and land from the Indians, whom they converted wholesale. It was for its own salvation, apparently, that the Church had to withdraw from politics and finally was bereft of its over-large wealth.

There are three chapters dealing with the history of the Mexican Republic in its opening decade down to the latter part of the nineteenth century, and the adventure of the ill-fated Maximilian as the French puppet Emperor of Mexico is all but too briefly treated. The remaining seven chapters are devoted to the Mexico of modern times, and provide a valuable reference work if one is to understand the political turmoil below the Rio Grande. Mr. Downing explains exactly what has happened and gives some indication of what to expect. The delineation of the people themselves, devoted to their land, to their crops, to their gods and their saints, is an excellent pen picture. If you contemplate a trip to Mexico, this is your book.

THE WORLD OVER IN 1939. *Edited by Leon Bryce Bloch and Charles Angoff. New York: The Living Age Press. 1940. 918 pp. 8 maps and Index. $4.00.*

THIS is the second annual in an enterprise that will provoke heartfelt hosannas from writers of contemporary history, college and secondary-school teachers, harassed newspaper and magazine editors as well as from that ubiquitous animal, the man-in-the-street, who craves an intelligible account of world events in 1939, and how and why certain of these conspired to create war last September. That is an assignment of appalling dimensions, particularly if that "intelligible account" is to read with some color and bounce, and still retain the objectivity of the telephone book.

Briefly, what this obese volume sets out to do, and does admirably, is to give a month-by-month commentary on major occurrances in every country during the year, and this it amplifies with a month-by-month chronology, similarly divided by countries. The publishers claim that the volume is "the only book of its kind in any language," and it is also probably the only work of its kind ever attempted.

The usefulness of the book may best be illustrated perhaps by an example. For instance, the reader may want to know pre-

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cisely what happened in the fateful period September 1-3 of last year. In the chronological section, which comprises the second half of the volume, he will find in enormous detail the progression of events—everywhere—in those three days, written in the terse style of newspaper heads. In the correlative passages of the commentary, he will find those events pointed up by analysis and interpretation, with brief references to relevant events a few weeks before the immediate genesis of war as well as pertinent citation of ex post facto data. The Far East, the Near East, Latin America, Australasia and Africa are covered by the same meticulous method. A series of maps by Liam Dunne illustrates the changing face of the world.

Of special value in a year so full of claims and counter-claims as was 1939 are the excerpts from government white-papers, blue-books, yellow-books and the like, the texts of treaties, excerpts from editorials in the press of the world and similar documentary material; all of these, of course, are available to historians and students in public libraries, provided they have the leisure to spend hours bent over newspaper files and have some linguistic upholstering.

The foregoing may be an uncritical review, but *The World Over in 1939* is not vulnerable to spotty unravelling. There may be some proper names misspelled and some impertinent punctuation. But the presentation and the arrangement of this gargantuan task are sound. Incidentally, the editors have taken almost excessive pains to present the German argument. Like the Bible and the Sears-Roebuck catalogue, it is a "must" for everyman's library.

—Alwyn J. Aaron

Finland Fights. *By H. B. Elliston. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1940. 443 pages, with 6 diagram maps and end papers by Lenz; 16 pages of photographs. $2.75.*

As Finland determinedly sets about reconstruction under the shadow of the gorilla that walks like a bear trying to walk like a man, a sympathetic America speculates on the future of this one of the few remaining real democracies. *Finland Fights* supplies carefully authenticated facts upon which an observant reader can base his calculations. Mr. Elliston's repertorial style is of a high order, and in a work of the long-range interest of *Finland Fights* its readability may be set down as a circumstance both fortunate and important.

The author of this book was sent by one of America's most reputable newspapers to investigate the Soviet accusations of Finland, in an alleged border incident. War between the Anglo-French Alliance and Germany had by that time been quietly in progress for several weeks, and the author's ship fell into the hands of the British contraband-control. In the ensuing delay, Mr. Elliston tells how he made many acquaintances and obtained an introductory insight into the sentiments of theretofore unbending Scandanavians aboard-ship. From this point forward, *Finland Fights* gathers together and evaluates the hardboiled (or sordid, if you wish) calculations of state in the chancellories of Europe, the motives of patriots and politicians, the forces of personalities involved, personal feelings and gossip among the Scandanavians at their respective hearths. Maps, spaced through the book, turn up at just the right places to aid in fixing scenes of action, strategic points in Baltic affairs, and so forth.

POETS AND POETRY

Cores of Fire

By Alfred Kreymborg

About a year ago, MacMillan's issued a witty book of verse by Josephine Miles of Los Angeles, *Lines at Intersection*, and this year they bring us the more serious work (not without wit) of Marie deL. Welch of San Francisco: *This Is Our Own*. Miss Welch's poems have been appearing in the liberal weeklies and conservative monthlies from time to time and it is good to have them now in a first volume distinguished

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throughout by hearty emotion and thought in a skilful modelling of forms. After too many vagaries in the metaphysical realm on the part of other young poets, Miss Welch's delicate artistry is simple and subtle, clear and profound, and works in the broad field of nature, of the animal, the human animal, and the inhuman social world. The title of the book reflects its philosophy: an acceptance not alone of what we love and cherish, but of what we hate and have to destroy. Here is one of the preludes from *Camp Corcoran,* a group of pithy poems written "after a visit to a camp of striking cotton pickers in the San Joaquin Valley":

There's no beauty here.
Make no mistake.
This is the dust of human ground.
They work, it has not made them beautiful.

This is humanity. It does the work.
It is not beautiful.
Make no mistake.
This is humanity, it is not gentle.
This is humanity, it is not clean.

This is humanity, this is your world.
This is humanity, this is your work.
This is your kind, this is yourself.
Make no mistake.

The title of Babette Deutsch's new book, *One Part Love,* is derived from a line by John Crowe Ransom: "We are one part love and nine parts bitter thought." But the thought is far removed from the type of self-pity so many women let fall in dripping stanzas. Miss Deutsch views experience with an analytical mind and her verse is energetically modelled. And whether she works in old forms or new, or what we presume to be old or new, she strikes an original note without running bizarre. Here is an extraordinary sonnet, *Intimate View:*

This is the private face, stupid as crime,
The hair, the mouth awry, eyes thick with tears:
The image of the stained disordered years
Marked by the vengeance of insulted time.
Weakness is cruel, violent and crass,
Yet cannot kill the thing on which it stares,
That feeble self for which alone it cares
Mirrored as in unshatterable glass.
It cannot run, it cannot even move,
Except toward death or madness, to escape.
It cannot be divorced from its own shape
By any skill, lacking that one of love.
But it can find a moment's bitter ease
In drawing truly what it hates and sees.

Elias Lieberman's third volume, *Man in the Shadows,* is a distinct advance over his earlier volumes, and is compact of an ardent personal sentiment and a feeling for other people. Dr. Lieberman's social conscience attacks "man's inhumanity to man" with the verbal skill of the classic satirist who has full control of his medium and impales an object of hate on a perfect epigram. Of men out of work he says with true irony:

You may be faint with hunger; it is best
To look well-fed and have your trousers pressed.

Of a very minor poet he concludes:

Now grass will grow above him,
A plot of earth be his,
A little worm will love him
For what he really is.

And of the stragglers in an all-night lunch-wagon:

Coat collars up, they dread a day begun;
There's nothing out of doors except the sun.

Ever so often, when poets and the lovers of poetry despair of the market-

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place, some person or group comes along and bridges the gap between manuscripts and readers by venturing into the publishing field. Our land has been enriched by many a noble pioneer in this direction. The latest group to bridge the gap, first through the publication of multigraphed pamphlets, and now with a first collection in printer's ink, is the League To Support Poetry, under the able guidance of Dorothy Hobson. The first book, *Core of Fire,* by the comparative veteran Kenneth Slade Alling, was chosen in a general competition, and the choice is proof of the old adage, "competition is the life of trade." Alling is a maker of Yankee cameos in a concentrated philosophy which has its fatherhood in Emerson. Here is the final poem—*Duality:*

The facets of the flesh require
For their reflections outward fire.

But all unfaceted the soul
Shines from an inner aureole.

They are dissimilar, these jewels,
Lighted by flames from different fuels.

As equally dissimilar
As is the planet and the star.

But stars and planets light the face
Of all the universe of space,

And the dim universe of me
Needs likewise its duality.

THIS IS OUR OWN. *By Marie deL. Welch. New York: The MacMillan Co. 75 pages. $1.25*

ONE PART LOVE. *By Babette Deutsch. New York: Oxford University Press. 86 pages. $1.75*

MAN IN THE SHADOWS. *By Elias Lieberman. New York: The Liveright Corporation. 102 pages. $2.00*

CORE OF FIRE. *By Kenneth Slade Alling. The League to Support Poetry. 40 pages. $1.25.*

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BOOKS ABROAD

PORTRAIT OF A PAINTER. THE AUTHORIZED LIFE OF PHILIP DE LASZLO. *By Owen Rutter. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1940.*

(Charles Marriott in *The Hungarian Quarterly*, London)

AS FAR as possible Mr. Owen Rutter has allowed Philip de László to paint his own portrait in diaries and letters entrusted to him by the family of the artist, who gave him an absolutely free hand, and he has performed the task with a tact and skill that suggest the "producer" rather than the mere editor. It was a method particularly well suited to the subject because, as his painted self-portraits show, de László dramatized himself, and, unless directed by somebody with a sense of the English audience addressed in this book, he might easily have done injustice to his own personality by making it more aggressive than it was in reality. The "almost boyish zest for life," which Mr. Rutter notes as his immediate attraction, needs placing in relation to other qualities if it is not to make a false impression in the pages of a book.

It was known that de László intended to write his reminiscences. He began the record in 1917, dictating in German to his wife. The opening of the narrative is worth quoting. "For several years I have tried, in so far as it is possible for me to look into the past, to write down for my sons and for posterity, my life, my work and my experiences; and so I will wait no longer but will begin during the greatest calamity which has ever befallen mankind." The reference is, of course, to the war of 1914-18. There was a break with his internment, but in 1919 he began again, now writing in his own hand, in a mixture of languages, with illustrative sketches and drawings. "He wrote at great speed, without troubling to revise, and if he could not think of the German word he wanted he would throw in what he believed to be English, or perhaps its French equivalent, with an occasional remark in Hungarian."

Finally in 1935 de László made a fresh start, this time dictating in English to a secretary, with the definite intention of publication.

These notes will give some idea of the difficulties Mr. Rutter had to overcome in dealing with the material. By collating the

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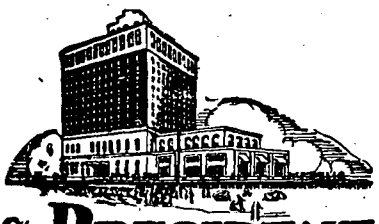

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different records, preserving the characteristic expression of their author, inserting relevant letters in their proper place, and compiling his own narrative where autobiographical material was wanting, he has produced a self-portrait of a painter that is as consistent as it is vivid.

It takes two to make a reputation, and, allowing for de László's engaging qualities as a man and brilliant gifts in portraiture, it is not difficult to see why he was popular in English society. The reason why foreign portrait painters, from Van Dyck onwards, have been successful in England is partly that attraction of opposites which is well illustrated in the friendship between Queen Victoria and Disraeli. As if in recognition of the characteristic, there is a sort of amused appreciation of florid compliments that would not be tolerated from a compatriot. To say that de László painted people as they would like to be is only a half truth; the whole truth is that, on canvas, he released them from their inhibitions, enabling them to cut a figure with impunity. If chaffed by acquaintances on the rather flamboyant effect they could always turn round and say "Oh, well, you see, he's a foreigner." De László, in fact, gave to people, by reputation if not naturally shy, the protection that is afforded by amateur theatricals, in which the habitually reserved often come out surprisingly.

It is not necessary to suppose that de László deliberately flattered his sitters; he rather dramatized them in the aspect of their personality which they cherished privately. He himself said: "There is a certain something that differentiates every human being from his or her fellows. It is the office of the portrait painter to be quick to recognize and to retain this momentary revelation of the inner self, to bring it into harmony and into unison with the surface personality, with the lifelikeness of face and body."

Nothing gives a better idea of de László's methods in portraiture than the book, *Painting a Portrait,* that he wrote for *The Studio* in conjunction with the late Mr. A. L. Baldry. Miss Gwen Frangçon-Davies posed as the model, Mr. Baldry incited the painter with leading questions, and Mr. Holme took photographs of the proceedings. The total effect was irresistibly that of a performance, so that at the conclusion one expected the

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painter to come forward and bow in response to the well-deserved applause. As Mr. Rutter says, he had so trained himself that he did not have to think of technique while he was painting. Its problems did not exist for him. "Paradoxically," adds Mr. Rutter, "to this extraordinary pictorial dexterity may be attributed the cause of his failure in some of his less successful work. He painted with such swiftness and security that although his facility rarely missed a superficial and brilliantly painted likeness, it sometimes prevented him from revealing the underlying character of the sitter." In spite of the witty remark that Sargent "rarely painted a sitter without making an enemy, de László rarely painted a sitter without making a friend," there was a good deal of affinity between the two, and Whistler's criticism of Sargent, that he was "an acrobat in paint," might be applied with some justice to de László in his less inspired moments.

Some of Mr. Rutter's best writing is in his concluding chapter, in which he sums up de László as man and artist. For balanced judgment the following is well worth quoting. "He was always impulsive. He may have been too fond of airing his opinions, and he talked unguardedly at times. He was apt to be sweeping in his statements and to see people without the modulation of half tones, but he never deliberately hurt anyone, and the spontaneity of his conversation and his manners was part of his charm. He had his share of vanity, he liked being popular and he enjoyed his success, but he was never malicious or ungenerous, and he had a high sense of duty. . . . He had a great capacity for friendship and he was loyal to his friends." Nor could there be a better comment on the underlying reasons of the painful episode of de László's internment than the words with which the book concludes. "As a British citizen he was loyal to the country of his adoption, but at heart he was a good Hungarian too." That is enough to explain the official misunderstandings which led to his unnecessary seclusion.

The story of de László's early days as told by himself would do honor to any man. He was born in humble circumstances in Budapest, and from his earliest childhood his determination to become an artist was identified with a desire to help his mother, to whom he was devoted all his life. He draws

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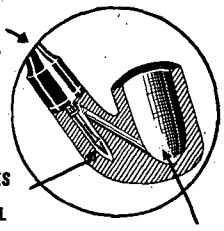

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charming pictures of the domestic interior. "My earliest recollections, when I must have been about three or four years old, are of sitting by the fireside on the short winter afternoons beside my mother, who would be working a sewing-machine, making garments for us, with a baby on her lap. She used to tell us stories and sing little songs to amuse us." His approach to art was not easy; as an apprentice to a scene-painter he suffered from the jealousy of his companions; and it was not until, at the age of twenty, he won a Hungarian State Scholarship, enabling him to go abroad, that his way became clear. The first great opportunity of his career was in 1894, when he was commissioned to paint portraits of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria and his consort, Princess Marie Louise of Bourbon-Parma, and from that time onward he had one success after another.

De László tells at length the story of his courtship of and marriage to Miss Lucy Guinness, and it is an enchanting narrative, with all the flavor of a romantic novel. They met in 1892 in Munich at a fancy-dress ball given by the students' Austro-Hungarian Society. He was dressed as a French "Incroyable" and "she was dressed in a rose-colored silk gown, simply cut, with no jewelry, and long white gloves. She carried a little fan and had a pink velvet ribbon in her hair." It was a case of love at first sight, but there was some opposition from her family, and it was not until 1900 that they were able to marry. Among the illustrations to the book there is an engaging photograph of the bridal pair, he in the traditional gala dress of the Hungarian gentleman. As Mr. Rutter says, "His expression in the photograph suggests the triumphant satisfaction of a man who has found attainment after seven years of struggle, waiting and devotion."

De László painted practically all the eminent people of his time, and "to enumerate the portraits which de László painted in London during the period until the war would be like making a compilation from Debrett, Burke and *Who's Who*." Thirteen portraits, including the self-portrait in the Uffizi and *The Artist's Mother*, are reproduced in the book, and they give a good general idea of his merits and his defects. Their cumulative effect is dramatic to a fault, so that they look rather like people impersonating themselves at the bidding of a brilliant director.

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